ESSAYS. 1851-54.

Essays and Poems

R. H. Nassau

1851 — 1854.

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[Essays and poems]

Robert Hamill Nassau

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A Mother's influence.

The influences ~~that~~ sway men are many and various. Money has lured to destruction its thousands, ambition has ruled, & does still rule the world. One man can exert a powerful influence over his fellow-man, but in the formation of character, Woman, and especially a Mother, exerts the highest influence.

Man's strength and power does not always shew forth the most influential. The rush of mighty waters does not so wear away the rock as the gentle, continuous droppings of a lesser wave. So woman, by her gentle pleading has often turned the stony heart of the savage. Her very weakness demands respect, and her fortitude and endurance in adversity gives her, as a helpmate for man, a strong influence. At home, by the domestic fireside, and in the peaceful walks of life, where too often, her influence is lost sight of, a mother is implanting, in the tender and pliant mind of her child, those lessons of

wisdom — and sometimes (in sorrow be it said) of folly — which are in future to tell, in a manner, good or bad, upon that child and the community at large. At home we see Woman in her own peculiar province "here woman reigns, the mother, daughter, wife
strew with fresh flowers the narrow path of life"
and the 'flowers' of instruction and lessons of wisdom which come from her lips, fall upon the young and opening mind with a distinctness and impressiveness that can never be obliterated, like gentle showers to bud the seed and bring forth the fruit of future years, like gold to enrich the treasures of the mind.

The instruction of her child in its younger years, is a woman's peculiar duty, it has ever been a Mother's privilege, to instruct her child, for gentleness — one of woman's attributes — is requisite to the training and moulding of a tender mind. If man in his pride should undertake the pleasing task, forgetful of the difference between his own and his pupil's mind, he would blight the tender flower by his harsh usage.
A mother wins the love and respect of her child

by her kind gentle treatment during its infancy, and as the infant becomes larger, her smiling countenance, or gentle reproving voice gladdens its heart, or quells the rising passion, and makes it love her more. The child loves her, if it was for nothing else than the simple reason ~~that~~ it was she who gave it birth. A feeling of thankfulness for the boon of life springs up in its breast, when it is bounding in all the joyousness of youth.

And when the child becomes of such an age ~~that~~ it is necessary to leave the parental roof, the memory of the mother's prayer is stronger than ~~that~~ of the father's blessing

The influences of both parents may for a time lose their power, but they can never be fully obliterated. In the most hardened criminals though they may have forgotton a mother's love, and the innocent joys of other days, yet, when confined in the lonely cell, and left to commune with their own thoughts, and recall the memories of childhood, the momory of a mother's fond caresses and fervent prayers steal upon the heart with an impressiveness which has often caused tears to

flow from eyes long "unused to the melting mood"

Thus though the man may be lost to almost all the gentler feelings of our nature, and plunged into every scene of vice and wickedness, there remains within him a principle which causes him to remember the mother's sacred influence.

July 19. 1851.

The Grave of the Past.
Speech

We stand this hour upon an eminence ~~that~~ reminds us ~~that~~ 75 years have come and gone since our nation's natal day. It is proper on occasions like the present when we are specially called on to rejoice in the blessings of political freedom, ~~that~~ we revert to the dawn of our national existence, and kindle our patriotism at the ashes of men who have been. — Let us speak of the struggle and strugglers for American Independence the former of which is over, and the latter are slumbering in the Graves of the Past.

It was just three quarters of a century ago, when the oppression of Old England had reached its height, ~~that~~ the liberty loving colonists of America chose to be free. Sending forth to the world the seal of their emancipation they vowed 'to do, or die'. They continued firm in their resolution. Amidst countless perils, they planted in American soil a fair young tree, whose roots struck the deeper as the fierceness of the storm increased, until now its beautiful proportions refreshing shade and fruitfulness gladden millions. But what of those mighty men — the honored actors

in those memorable scenes? They have fled the walks of life to tenant the city of the dead. The insatiable sepulchre claims them — and into it we may not enter, for it is closed as yet to the living. But we can venture close to its mouth and listen to the voice that is brought to our ears. That speechless voice discourses the memories of the dead — the histories of their deeds. Those tones noiseless yet intelligible that steal up from the tomb's dark oblivious walls, tell us of "a few immortal names that were not born to die".

They tell us of valour and disinte=
=restedness, — of fortitude and patriotism. They tell us of men, brave men, who, in the bloom of youth, in the pride of manhood and in the hoariness of age, sacrificed their lives, peilled their fortunes and pledged their sacred honors in defence of the bleeding liberties of the land of their birth or adoption. That land is enriched, aye, and the sea that laves its coast is dyed with the blood of thousands, who thus offered themselves willing sacrifices. Many are the spots hallowed by the sacred reminiscences of the times that tried

men's souls". Freedom had her martyrs then. Precious was the blood that then flowed so freely. It fed the flame of constitutional American Liberty, by whose genial heat a free, united, mighty nation is now vivified.

Eloquence, History and Poetry unite in the praise of those men of the Past, to whose firmness and integrity, the blood-stained hills and vales of our country so abundantly testify. Lacerated feet, defenceless bodies, and numberless trials and discouragements were unanswerable witnesses to their patience and perseverance.

Do we ask for devotion? We need but point to the winter of horrors, which the continental army passed at Valley Forge. Do we look for enthusiasm? Our very vicinity affords a bright example. Whose heart does not kindle with admiration, while reading of those valiant men, who, in the battle of Princeton, though overpowered with numbers and on the point of flight, no sooner saw their beloved Washington in a most perilous situation, than with an enthusiastic shout that "pierced the war

clouds rolling dun" and echoed above the roar of artillery, made a terrible onslaught and gained a glorious victory.

But to particularize is needless. From the green hills & happy homes of New England to the luxurient groves of the South "not a river or lake but has swelled with the life tide of women." Over the resting places of many of them no sculptured marble rears its graceful pile to perpetuate the memory of their deeds and worth, they fell in battle and were often destitute of the honors, too often the simple rites of burial.—

But what if the graves of some be not distinguished from unconsecrated soil? yet will their actions ensure to their names a far more enviable and lasting reputation than brazen monuments could give. Naval skill and bravery also had their representatives. The sea crimsoned at the sight of many a bloody contest. Often was its still, dread waste disturbed by the cannon's thunder. And again when "the Ocean's mighty swing was heaving to the tempest's wing", man would increase the clashing of the jarring elements by awakening the echoes of the deep

with the fearful confusion of hostile fleets. The mangled bodies of martyred heroes fell from their floating battle fields and without funeral rites disappeared beneath the swelling waves to find a coral grave in an Ocean Cemetery. Their victory crowned brows repose on beds of green sea-flower, the surging waves chaunting a melancholy ceaseless requiem over their unthinking corpses.

Yet their repose is as ~~so~~ calm and as noble as ~~that~~ of the Eastern monarch. The pagentry and power of a Kingdom did not honor their almost unobserved exit from the world; but as they lie buried in their last repositories the unconstrained respect and veneration of a growing republic, and not the hired mourning of heartless vassals are at once their eulogy and reward.

Thus then does the Grave of the Past bring to view, heroes than whom History points to none braver and scenes than which imagination can picture none more thrilling. Let our hearts then swell with gratitude ~~that~~ we are the sons of such sires, - the heirs of a dearly bought and invaluable legacy.

And what, let me ask, were the feelings and anticipations of our gallant ancestors in reference to the great enterprise in which they were embarked? Did not occasional defeats damper the hopes ~~that~~ favoured by the God of nations, they would come out of the contest triumphant? Did not sometimes an indefinable dread of coming evil settle on their minds — a fear lest haply they should be plunged in a worse condition than before, and we their descendants suffer a severer yoke? — Could one of them now revisit the scenes of his toils, how joyous would be his emotions at beholding in our happy, prosperous lot, all his fears dispelled and his fondest hopes more than realized.

The records of time afford few examples (and none so great) of a weak defenceless nation, thus rising superior to their proud oppressors. Not by chance, not by any weakness of their foes did they come off victorious, but by a confidence in the justness of their cause, and a reliance upon the aid of an approving Providence. Thus was wrought for them a great deliverance, and for us our national freedom. And this Republic, whose foundations

strong in themselves were laid with so much labor, and prayer to the God of nations for guidance and assistance, we fondly hope is destined to last till "time's latest end". Whether this be so or not, the memory of its founders and early promoters will be warmly cherished by their descendants, while succeeding generations grateful for the boon they have received emulate the virtues of their ancestors, their chief regret shall be that their benefactors are no more. —. The heroes of those days are indeed no longer illustrious among the living, —. We call for them in vain. —.

"They are gone, they are gone, Ah! who can tell
The depth of regret,— the heart knoweth well
As those bright forms glide through the spirits gloom
Or whispering call from Memory's tomb
The heroes we loved, whom longer may be
Brightness to the heart in its Liberty.
Oh thou bright casket of gems,—thou Grave of the Past
How much shall we claim from thy bosom at last"

July 4th. 1851

Speech. —

The spirits wanderings. —

The human mind, like the form that enclopes it, presents, under different circumstances, aspects of an endless variety, of varying beauty. Its power is unlimited; no time or circumstances can restrain. Free as the mountain air, it soars aloft to regions far beyond the reach of mortal eye, and with equal power its eagle gaze pierces the darkest recesses of Earth. Into its deep. black caverns it plunges, and brings to light the hidden mysteries which the avaricious earth had thought to keep locked within her bosom.

Dark caves where the gloom of lengthening night prevails ~~of~~ furnish a resting place for the wandering spirits steps. With power despotic, its magic wand opens up the treasures of mother earth its relics which tell of bygone and almost forgotten days. The raging Ocean with its fierce ~~its~~ ~~fierce~~ menacing billows strives, with fruitless effort to turn aside the spirits piercing glance. Aware of its heavenly origin, it seeks again to rise, and with the wings of the morning soars, and tries to

aerial homes, and with bold defiant step treads among the glittering orbs ~~that~~ nightly bespangle the azure sky. Those orbs, ~~that~~ far away, revolve around their appointed circles in harmonious action, are, by the spirit's power brought down to the sight of the inhabitants of their sister, Earth.

The Spirit wanders back ~~back~~ over the course of history to fix its attention on the relics of antiquity. These remains of departed greatness, corroded by the iron tooth of time, call up ~~the~~ soft feelings and fix the attention. Here are the only relics of nations which once thought they were destined to last forever. They may have gone on conquering and to conquer, may have ruled most of the then known world, but they fell, — and these are all ~~that~~ remain of their splendid triumphs, their lofty temples, and beautiful palaces.

But the Spirit's parched lip seeks for yet more to assuage its thirst. In vacant hours it drinks deeply at the fountain of Fancy, whose sweet waters suffice but for the moment. In careless mood the young spirit wanders freely, picturing to itself scenes of future happiness, and dreaming its day-dreams of bliss. The baseless fabric

of each happy vision is often like the clouds of summer as fragile and as rain. And as the empty vapour throws itself into a thousand light fantastic shapes, at one time surmounting a snowy dome by a gold-capped pinnacle, and anon plunging its imaginary palace into some dark abyss, she follows each changing scene with anxious eye and breathing lip.

Ah! did the Spirit always thus wander where naught but the good and beautiful reign, life would in truth be a scene of pleasure, and this orld again become an Eden. Alas! the heaven born spirit, contaminated by the air of earth, sinks into many a pit of degredation, and instead of seeking the haunts of honor, and winging in airy flight, to Ethereal regions to soar above the fleecy clouds tinged with the glories of a setting sun; it descends to scenes of vice and crime, often like a demon wild to rage and run the round of riot and dissipation and then it sinks into an untimely and dishonored grave.

In dreams the Spirit wanders back over the path of life and reviews the history of those over whom the grave has closed. It calls up the

well-remembered faces, acts and words of those with whom we used to associate; then as the remembance of some unkind act which we had done comes upon us, many sad feelings rise within, when we think that it also caused them pain.

Again the Spirit returns from the dead to the living, and follows the course of those whom Time or stern necessity have separated, and compelled to break the ties of companionship and affection. But those kindred minds meet in sweetest dreams, and hold communion which none but spirits know, hoping on, hoping ever, to meet in a brighter happier land where the tie of affection is unbroken, where the heart seeks higher strains, not to be brought down to the realization of earth.

September, 25th. 1851.

A Valedictory address.

—Respected audience;

We have come together to make a mutual separation. Our pleasant meetings are at an end. After a day well spent in toiling up the mount of Science, we fl would stop and refresh our weary way, by pleasant converse; your cheering words and faithful example would animate us for the morrow's exertion.

For these kind attentions we thank you. We assure you too, that they will not be lost upon us. but will remain impressed on Memory, as green spots, to enliven the darker shade of our literary toil. Our intercourse has been, necessarily, restricted by our books and other tasks.

You perhaps have known us as, "High School boys", seeing us pass by on some pleasant excursion, and if your opinion of us prejudiced by any untoward act, we pray you to forgive it as a freak of thoughtless youth. You have honored us with your presence and approving smiles on this eventful occasion. For this attention we thank you, and hope that the cause of wisdom, learning, and virtue may ever find in firm supporters. Allow me then, Ladies and

Gentlemen, to thank you for the kind attention, you have shown us, during the stay which one of us has made in your peaceful little village, asking you, to extend the same attention to those who may succeed us.

That the riches of Heaven and of Earth may ever be yours, is the prayer and hope of those, in whose behalf I speak this parting word — — Adieu —.

Honored Instructors,—

Another year has rolled around and with it has come our literary anniversary, — a day that brings with it, not only the stated period for a return to our happy homes, but also a season of sorrow, when the attachments that have been formed at school must be broken, and all must separate; instructors and pupils, teachers and taught, - you to return, after a short time, to your arduous, but at the same time, pleasing ~~task~~ duty of training up the young mind, - we, to return home, - some, again to enjoy your care and instruction, others to enter at once upon the active scenes of life.

This day we separate. And in making this separation, it becomes our duty and privilege to

thank you, for the interest you have taken in us.

We have naught, respected sirs, to return you for the debt we owe, except our heartfelt thanks for the kind parental care you have exercised towards us. You have borne with our many faults and perversities with much patience. You have guided us, a band of inquirers after knowledge, up the steep and rugged hill of Science.

While fainting in the way, and complaining of the roughness of the ascent, you have pointed out the prize that awaited us in the end, the priceless gem of knowledge. Thus you have animated us by every gentle mean to persevere in the paths of science and honor. You have guided us, step by step, as we tremblingly untwined the flowing numbers of some Greek or Latin poet, or, with one hand pointing the way, and with the other leading our steps, you have directed us through the intricacies of some mathematical problem.

For these, for all, we thank you. But now we must leave other. We can no longer enjoy your fostering care. But although we part, believe me, Gentlemen, that within our hearts there will remain an affectionate

remembrance of you. And if at any time our froward hearts have caused you one pang, or cast a shade of sorrow over your peace of life, we respectfully beg you to forgive and forget it, and ask, that when you think of us, as we of you, ~~that~~ those thoughts may be connected with naught but fond associations.

Permit me, then, as we part, in the name of these my schoolmates, to thank you for your kind care and attention to us, during our sojourn with you, and to bid you an affectionate farewell, And may He, who orders all times and changes, continue to shed upon you and yours, a never-ceasing stream of blessings. —

Farewell. —.

Loved Schoolmates,

Change is indelibly stamped on all things. Changing time and the book of Nature testify to this. The bright Summer has passed away, with its sunny flowers. The cool breezes begin to strew the Autumnal earth "with the sere and yellow leaf", and the year which we looked upon in its youth is fast decaying. The happy dreams of our youth are about to be broken. The happiness which we experienced in

each other's society and the hopes with which we solaced ourselves, are at an end. And we, my dear companions, must part. Oh, when to meet again. Standing, as we do, upon this point, we can look back upon our school-boy days. We have, for a few years of our lives, been walking together the way of learning, and now we have met to speak a parting word, and say good-bye, and then we separate, each one, alone, or, with other companions, to walk his future path of life.

A few more hours, and we shall part. We shall soon lose sight of the familiar, watchful faces of revered instructors, whose voices so full of tenderness and anxiety we shall no longer hear. We shall no longer hear the tones of the bell summoning us to our daily tasks. The seats which we once occupied, and which are silent witnesses of our hopes and toils shall be filled by others. Our rooms shall possess other occupants and those walls, within whose confines we have been accustomed to compete with each other, shall look upon the efforts of others' minds. The cheerful hearts and voices of our companions will no longer mingle with ours, but separating, in this eventful hour, will part, some, to thrill with a variety of joys, others, perhaps, to be wrung

with a variety of griefs. — And when parted far from eachother, how will our hearts be ~~wrung~~ pierced by the sad intelligence, when we hear of one and another, and another, who has been hurried from the troublous scenes of time. As one after another of our number is hurried away, how will the our hearts be wrung, by recollections painfully pleasing.

The well known whistle, the hearty laugh of former associates, the warm grasp of their hands, our playful tricks, our occasional chidings, our oft-repeated meetings in the class-room, our pleasant ~~ramble~~s — our minglings in the hall where our voices joined in the Song of praise: — these all will in Fancy rise before us, and rend our tenderest sympathies by a Knowledge that they are gone, forever!

But the dreaded parting approaches, and we must say <u>farewell</u>. — Oh! with what stunning force, and chilling effect does that sound fall upon our ears. But, dear companions "there is a Joy in Grief" a consolation in our sorrow, that if it is not given to us to meet again in this world, we can retain pleasant memories of oneanother, even

hoping to meet, not to part again, in a world
where the pain of separation is unknown, and
endless peace is only equalled by an eternity
of love.

Farewell, Farewell.
Sept. 25th. 1851.

Innocence.

When God had created man, he placed him in the garden of Eden, in a state of innocence.
This place afforded such delights, as, alone, would seem to supply all his wants and wishes;- and besides, the restrictions which were laid on the inhabitants of this garden, in reference to <u>one</u> tree and its fruit, were other bands still stronger to restrain them from the commission of guilt.

But the Tempter, taking advantage of man's natural curiosity, entered this then happy earth, and in an unfortunate hour beguiled our parents and deprived them of their happy abode.
From that hour, we, their descendants may date all our miseries and misfortunes;- all the temptations that have led us to the commission of crimes and sins - and the bringing down disgrace and guilt on ourselves.

Yet, as is beautifully tolled in the heathen mythologies, when all the other gods had left the earth incensed with the wickedness of man, Hope remained, spreading her bow of peace over an almost ruined world, and holding out to them the hope of Innocence. To give the term a little wider sense

and bring it down to the every day concerns of life, let us speak of the pleasure which any one experiences, when in thinking of the days weeks and years, which have ascended to his eternal account, he can feel that he has at least endeavoured to do his duty, although the painful recollection of opportunities misimproved, and sins committed may rise to damper his joys.

The poor man, who has been placed by Providence in an humble situation in life, is happy, on coming home from his daily labor, to meet the smiling countenances of his wife and children. Though by the primal loss of innocence, he is doomed to labor and to gain his bread by the sweat of his brow, many a pleasant sensation arises in his heart, when he thinks that he is gaining an honest livelihood, that he is free from the vices, and endeavoring to practice the virtues of life, and that though in an humble condition he is blest with contentment.

In this state of comparative innocence, he can compose himself to sleep, "and leave the rest to God".

There again, those are innocent of any great crime, have greater pleasure in their innocence, when they compare their happy situation with those whose lives present only

a series of guilt and crimes, and whose consciences are seared with sin. Thus, the murderer, when confined in the lonely cell, on coming to take a retrospect of life, sees but few spots lighted by the sun of innocence, and most of his life spent in vice and iniquity. He can remember how, and when, and where, he first departed from the path of rectitude.

How, when a child, he sought the company of vicious boys – how his affectionate mother would have lured him back to the right path – but how, when a man, midnight may have found him in the gamblers hell, a in other scenes of vice and debauchery. Innocence finds no home in his heart, no seat in his affections. But the man, who is – "integer vitae scelerisque purus", may rest free from harm, wanting not the guards of man, and the means of preserving life invented by man, – the all-sustaining, approving hand of Providence guards him as he treads "the narrow path of life". –

August. 16th. 1851.

Remorse.

There are many passions that exist in the human breast, which do not exert a very powerful influence in general, but on particular occasions burst forth in supreme strength, and exhibit the secret workings of the mind. They are like the hurricane which rises with such force, ~~and~~ sweeps away all opposing obstacles and destroys all the works which had been founded during the previous calm.

Of these passions Remorse is one of the strongest. With the usual inconsistency of our nature when we have done any act through anger or any other passion, which we would condemn in our sober moments, we repent of its commision, and wish it undone. And this is the cause of remorse that we are conscious of our inability to retract the deed, and that we must bear the consequences.

The pangs of remorse are greater or less, in proportion to the magnitude of the crime, and are generally felt more severely in those cases where any great breach has been made against the laws, and where the individual is aware that he is subject to punishment. The strength of the Arm is such that

it is considered as resulting from the most heinous crimes It strikes like an arrow in the breast of the guilty one, and its poison rankling there admits of no relief, and drives him onward in his course of madness.

Plunging its victim in the depths of Despair, it takes away all hope of pardon – leaves him exposed to the basest influences and fiercest passions, in which the more tender feelings are drowned or lost sight of in the tumult of conflicting hope, fear and despair.

Let us follow out, in illustration, the course of a murderer, as the crime of which he is guilty subjects it perpetrator to the deepest stings of Remorse. Let us suppose that a man has been hardened by a long course of iniquity (for such a training is necessary to his consummation of his deed of darkness) and in an evil hour he has taken away the life of a fellow being. If the criminal is pursued, the hope of ~~escape~~ safety, one hour, elates him, as he sees a way that is opened for his escape, and the next, fear overwhelms him as his case grows more desperate. His mind, thus agitated, is still more disturbed by remorse for his crime. Remorse for his crime, fear of

punishment, and the hope of escape are the only feelings that possess the criminal's breast, until desperation leads him on to the commission of deeds suggested by his mad hate. Unless stopped in his course, every ~~n~~ deed, that adds to the catalogue of his crimes, plunges him still deeper in the pit of destruction.

But "thy sin will find thee out", and "justice will take its course" are two maxims that always hold true, and the murderer is at last brought to the bar of justice. One circumstance after another proves his guilt, and when the chain of evidence is complete, the sentence is passed and the criminal retires to his gloomy ~~cell to~~ prison, his breast agitated by contending passions. The situation of the wretched criminal is dreadful in the extreme. He is condemned to pass his life in prison for the murder of a fellow-being, and he must bear the burden of his thoughts alone in his narrow cell. Life is sweet to every one, but such a life scarce deserves the name. Death at once would be preferable. he then would be free from himself — from his fears and remorse. He feels the loss of liberty, and his mind, which was so watchful before his ~~escape~~ capture, is still intent in the seizure

of any chance of escape. But the strong walls and bars make this hope vain, and set before him the miserable prospect of spending the remainder of life in prison.

The cold massy walls of his dungeon and the grated window tell, in words, too plain to be mistaken, that he is no longer to be an active participant in the busy scenes of life. The sounds that occasionally come up from the multitude beyond his prison walls, serve only to aggravate his misery and Remorse reminds him that, were it not for his crime, he too might have been enjoying the pleasures of life.

And as the last rays of the setting sun gleam through his grated window, and darkness settles round he is racked by torture. His mind which was once strong enough to calmly meditate the midnight murder, is now so weakened by the agitations of remorse, that if he cast his restless eye around his prison, he is terrified with the sight of his murdered victim.

The ghastly countenance - the bleeding wounds, and supplicating voice, all rise before him with a distinctness which seems almost real. Pale spectres glide before him, and their shrieks

and accusing condemning voices mingle with those of his victim —

"Cold clammy sweats come o'er him.
Now on his couch he shrinks and shivers as in fear —
Then upright leaps, as if he heard
His victim's dying shriek,
And longs to cope with Death"

And many an to be free from the pangs of Remorse, do put an end to their days.

By thus keeping the prisoner alive to the horrors of remorse imprisonment is often a greater punishment than hanging. Thus the man suffers a double penalty — the civil law is satisfied, and the moral law — the law of conscience — the pangs of Remorse exercise full sway.

The Past.—

The Past always bears an interesting aspect, and especially so just now when the affairs of ~~Europe~~ almost the whole appear to be undergoing a very marked change. When the civil materials of Europe seem to be placed in such a position, that they need but the incendiary torch of some interested spectator to produce a grand conflagration

And we deem this interest proceeds from the curiosity by which human nature is endowed — a curiosity that seeks, by calculations drawn from former circumstances, to peer through the mysterious veil that enshrouds the Future.

The remains of ancient glories that lie buried, mouldering in the shadows, are not lying there in vain, — are not like the beauty of a flower that blooms only in the sunlight and quickly fades away to be trodden under-foot and forgotten. True, the rising glory or falling splendor of nations may like that flower in its mutability but the simile does not hold any farther, — in the grandeur of fallen empires, though decaying, will not, as that flower, be forgotten, but is a monitor to the nations of present existence. The voice of former nations warns us, that while we cherish their virtues, we should also avoid their vices.

And well were it for us and other nations if we did attend to that warning voice, and much care should our political pilots take, least, with the usual heedlessness of our nature, we pass upon something new and strange, until we learn, too late, that our course is the way to destruction.

It is extremely interesting to review the rapid rise, as swift decline, and sad fall of nations once the pride of the earth, and examine the different courses of policy pursued in their government. It may not always proper nations of the present to take those of the past as models - for 'circumstances alter cases' - but for the generality we may consider them very good guides through the dangerous passages of political action.

But, besides the examples we have of governments, there are other objects that attract our attention. If it were possible for all to be related, we would have a strange collection of scenes, a medley of the lovely and despicable, the kind and cruel, the heroic or generous and cowardly or mean; - a mass of characters which fail, so facilly, to attract our attention, because they are not quite so prominent as others, yet on being inquired into become quite engrossing.

Romance seeks for its fittest subjects among the darkest shadows that throng around the secret corners of the Past. The very mist and obscurity that surround such subject arrest our attention. It is consistent with our natural curiosity to seek after some object which is new, whose covering so unique draws us to it and fills us with a thirst that is not sated until we thoroughly investigate it. And because Truth is often stranger than Fiction, a romance, nearly resembling some dark truthful tale of the past, interests us more than the plain, unvarnished, present.

There are many things that we would willingly forget, scenes that we would gladly consign to the darkest recess of oblivion. But memory is faithful, and cannot be bribed to forget every scene which displeases us, and displeasing because, because, like a rod it disciplines us and teaches us the sad lessons of experience.

How often, when recalling bye-gone hours, does some circumstance rise up to sadden or shame us, and we wish that, with our impatient hand, we could dash away the ungrateful picture, or that Time would turn his rapid car, and with his headlong steeds, bear us back over his deserted course, so that we, being placed in the same

position as yourself, might act differently.
On the other hand, there are many things that delight us, - scenes which are pleasant to recall from 'Memory's tomb', and which serve to enliven an hour otherwise tedious.

The Grave of the Past is filled with characters in the various stages of blooming youth - sturdy manhood - and decrepit old age. Death has cut down the young - torn away its victims from the midst of the pleasures of life just when the sweet buds were expanding in the beauty, freshness and innocence of childhood, and confined them in the inexorable Past.

Manhood has been down in its prime, flush with the active engagements of life. The Soldier is torn from the laurels which he has just bought, and in the moment of attainment, loses in death the object he had for years toiled for. His body returns to its original dust, and, though dead, he receives a portion of the reward of Fame, for which he laboured during life.
His memory still lives and shines out from the dark shadows by which it is surrounded. Then, seeing that the Past is such an inexorable gaoler, that a moment once gone is beyond recall, - that we can not restore to

the glass of Time one golden grain that has fallen into the abyss of Eternity. — ~~that~~ every misimproved advantage of the present will, in the future, rise to shame and sadden us, — let us fill every passing hour with worthy acts which may be as landmarks in our lives.

And when Time will have buried us in the ruins of the past — "the Herculaneum of the soul" — our memories may yet be perpetuated.

Conscience and its laws.

The moral and physical natures of man, though necessarily different in their construction, yet in almost all respects bear an affinity to each other. It is rare to find a person whose moral character is not well fitted to the organization of his body, and as the former nature is so much superior to the latter in every respect, some one of its higher faculties assumes the direction of the entire man.

This faculty, we find to be Conscience which lies within us like some sparkling jewel, though it is often found so covered with the corruptions of our nature that its lustre glows but dimly. The passions which exist in us would drive us to destruction, like a ship before the roaring winds, had not we this helm to guide us, this master to direct us.

Man is truly a creature of impulses. A continual warfare is going on between his passions and his Conscience, for the two are utterly irreconcilable — the one is of earthly, the other of heavenly origin. So capable is man's moral character of receiving impressions of either good or evil, that conscience may be injured in various ways.

Its discriminating power may be injured by disease. As one part of the body is not benefitted by exercising another entirely different, - so Conscience is not advantaged by thinking on that which is merely beautiful, grand or wonderful. But to take, as a subject of thought, the character of such a man as Howard, will be of material use to us:- for unless we often reflect on objects noted for moral goodness, Conscience lies partially unemployed, and in the mean time passion is strengthened by the thoughts and sights of every day.

Familiarity with vicious scenes, characters and representations exerts a powerful influence in blunting our perceptions of right and wrong. Human nature is so prone to evil, that, unless it is continually restrained, it will ever degenerate to thoughts of a baser character.

By every success that passion gains over conscience, the former is strengthened, and the latter weakened and made less able to stand firm to its principles. The second oath, the second theft is by no means as difficult as the first. We are too apt to regard vice with a lenient eye, and that, which at first wore a hideous aspect, may soon be looked upon with unconcern. Thus, when vice will

further the designs of any one we can easily persuade himself of its propriety, and draw but a faint line of demarkation between right and wrong. By intercourse with evil our consciences may be rapidly, though imperceptibly be loosing their power, until, —

"Vice, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

As a painter, by studying a picture of but inferior merit, would injure his taste, and a writer, by reading poorly composed books, would injure his style, conscience may, indeed must of necessity, be impaired, by allowing the imagination to be filled with what is wrong.

This discriminating character of conscience were valueless did it stop here. But it goes farther, and after deciding between right and wrong it impels to the former, and restrains from the latter.
These two impelling and restraining powers are also impaired by disuse and improved by use. The same law that applies to the physical, will also apply to the moral constitution of our nature. Inaction can not fail to exert its direct legitimate effect of weakening the body. The sturdy laborer lifts with ease the weight that would mock at the futile efforts of a man of sedentary habits. If we are living with

our friends and have them in sight almost all the time we do not cease to love them, but when absent, unless we often think of them, our love will be found to be growing cold.

On the other hand the constraining power of Conscience is strengthened by use. Here again the natural law can be applied to moral subjects. He, who wishes to improve himself in the fine arts, would by no means consult paintings or figures which contained many defects, but would imitate masters of acknowledged superior character; - and he who would improve as a writer will make himself acquainted with books of standard merit.

Thus, if efforts are made to overcome the force of passion, by making ourselves familiar with moral subjects, beneficial results will soon appear in Conscience becoming a more absolute ruler, (under whose sway we are in a high sense freemen), and in passions being placed under the direction of right reason.

There also exists a reciprocal connexion between the discriminating and impulsive powers of Conscience, for it is true that in proportion as we reflect on the character of our actions, our ability to perform that

which is right, will be strengthened. Stolid Reason's votaries may boast of her capability to direct human affairs, but history and obvious facts show that if left long to her blind guidance, the world had as well not exist, and man might be a wandering rudderless ship on the ocean of Time - a solitary, decaying relic amid surrounding desolation.

Poetry.—

Among the records of the men, and things that were', a tale is told of a man who was a warrior, a prince, a friend. A prince by birth, a warrior by profession— and one whose friendship has made him world renowned.

This tale when told in the words of plain prose, seems to possess no remarkable trait, but when related in the attractive garb of poetry, it possess a new charm.— a magical change has taken place and we listen with admiration to the story of Achilles and Patroclus.

And in this lies the great influence which Poetry exerts over us, viz, that it invests with an attractive garb a circumstance which we would perhaps overlook when related in prose. It becomes, then, interesting to us to trace the prints which the foot of Poetry has made, as she trod her downward track through past ages,— to mark anew the impressions which have been somewhat effaced by the ever-passing crowd.

With the destruction of Greece's liberty, by her Macedonian invaders, the arts and sciences, which had flourished so luxuriently under her benign patronage, sunk at once from the arena of cultivation, and for awhile seemed lost to the world. But, Liberty,

banished from her own loved Argive home, rested her wearied limbs on the land since distinguished as the birth-place of an Angelo, a Paganini, and a Tasso.

Together with Liberty, the muse of poetry, deprived of her sparkling Helicon, sought the less aspiring rills which flowed beneath Italy's sun, and found afterward faithful votaries in the facetious bard of Venusia, and the "tearful friend of Augustus."

Beneath Italia's genial sun the muse long held her sway and the warlike Romans found leisure during their almost uninterrupted campaigns, not only to admire, but also to cultivate poetry. Rome's dominion extending over most of the then discovered world, she availed herself of the opportunity to cull from her conquered victims choice gems of knowledge, and her victorious legions brought back with them, besides the gorgeous trappings of regal wealth and power, the more unassuming riches of national poetry and literature.

Amid the proud names which graced Rome's calendar, the genius of Roman poets found high themes in which to revel. The wondrous story of the brave Æneas formed a fruitful subject for the ready pen of a Virgil. Second only to Homer, no one knew so well how to

delineate the various passions, the deadly rage, the bloody strife, the mournful parting and the painful death. Here "the pedestrian muse" of Horace fired by his love of country could paint in glowing colors the glorious deeds of many a brave general, – the insolent foe scattered in wild dismay, and exulting legions returning in triumph with their well-earned spoils.

The tide of vandal barbarism that, pouring from its northern home, flooded the sunny south of Europe, again compelled the muse to retire from her loved retreat, and seek a spot more favorable to her advances, votaries more congenial to her taste. In the dark chasm of the middle ages her form was almost lost to sight. Rarely did any one seek her shrine, or beg her influence, until she suddenly emerged in new splendour near those very barbarians who had once almost been her destruction.

Here, in after ~~ages~~ years, she was delighted to bestow her choicest gifts on such immortal names as Shakspeare, Cowper, Byron, Burns and others who "drank early deeply drank" at her pure fountains. Here she found those who could fully appreciate her value – who could come to her shrine and lay all, as it were, before her.

There were those who among their native valleys, magestic mountains, and sequestered glens struck with impassioned hands the long-neglected harp.

Nor rests the muse in Albion's isle alone,
To bless the Saxon's broad escutcheon
With her favoring smile,

She hovered around the fragile Mayflower, and amid winter's storms and rude oppression she set her foot on the ice-bound rock of Plymouth:

Not the chilly blast – the red man's war-whoop
– Or the deadly fray
Could fright her from these shores.

This new land is the land of her adoption, and she loves it as her own. Already under her benign patronage have many names been placed on the list of "those immortal names that were not born to die". The thrilling occurrences of our noble revolution – the wild, romantic, and magestic vallays, streams and mountains are objects in which the poet may ever find subjects to employ his thoughts, materials to innoble his name.

Nor have we taken the muse of Albion as our preceptress. Instructed, at first by her, we indeed were, but we have since lit the sacred flame of Poetry are an unique

altar of our own. Though the muse of poetry seeks most as her votaries those whose minds have been already enlightened by the rays of science, she yet deigns to listen to strains that proceed from humbler tongues. Oft "beneath the cocoa's shade", or in the dense recesses of some tangled wood she teaches the untutored savage the bold unrestrained measures of a wild war-cry. And under the vine-latticed window she listens to a swarthy cheeked youth as he pours the pathetic notes of a love-song in the listening ears of some dark-eyed maid.

The barbarous Hindoo, the enervate South American, and the cruel Indian each possess their native poetry handed down orally from father to son;- incorporated from youth in their very nature, and influencing through life their every action. The child, on its mother's knee is lulled to rest by the low cadence of some gentle song, or in its waking hours is delighted by the wild notes of some traditionary ballad.

Nor does the youth listen, with less defined feelings of pleasure, to the war-song, as exulting chaunted by the young braves, preparing for or returning from a

plundering excursion; and he longs for the time when he shall be permitted to engage in the same barbarous sports.

Woven, as this species of wild poetry is, in the nature of the savage, it gives a characteristic complexion to his actions - strengthens his cruel propensities, and in return, is itself strengthened by the reflex influence which use exerts.

The character of poetry is necessarily changed by the changing times and circumstances. No comparison exists between the sublime language of Homer or Virgil, and the generality of the poetry of the present day. Not that the latter is not equal to the former in other things, - for Milton can well compare with Homer in sublimity -, but that the subjects of the poets of the past and present differ so widely. The ancient nations being invariably and almost necessarily warlike societies, they would naturally admire anything relating to war, and he would be the greatest poet, who could depict in sublimest colours the single contests, or bloody battles of great chieftains. Hence the great favour with which the productions of Homer and Virgil were looked upon by the ancients. But the progress of the age brought with it other and more pleasing subjects, and they need not now be attuned to songs of martial prowess.

The worship of Nature.

Polytheism is the invention of unenlightened reason. The philosophy of the ancients, full of wild imaginings, contained no such grand idea, as, that one selfexistant, independant Deity presided over his own created universe and directed all, even its minutest concerns. But a multiplicity of Gods, the most refined of heathen mythologists would persuade us, rule over the various divisions of the animate and inanimate creation.

Thus, the superstition of Paganism made the rolling ocean the home, and the roar of the waves the siren-voice of sea-deities. In the whistling wind, the babbling brook and rustling leaf, airy deities seemed to utter voices of warning, of joy, or of sorrow, which pleased, or struck with awe the imaginative mind of the ancients, and exerted, over their poetic and religious life, a controlling power.

And even in more modern times, when Religion and Science, hand in hand, search out the mysteries of Heaven and Earth so that the power of superstition is greatly lessened, the poetic imaginings of learned ancients still possess a beauty and a charm.

There was, doubtless much truth expressed in the words

of an ancient writer when he said, "a great worship is going on among the things of God". Nature itself is one vast scene of continued adoration. One domain of creation dignifies another, while each lies subject to the creature man, who may look 'through Nature up to Nature's God' – adore him as the source of all good – see and love ~~the~~ him, as his hand appears in every trembling withered leaf which flies before the Autumnal breeze – in every starry lamp which nightly twinkles in the heavens, and in every modest flower blushing in its shaded nook.

All the parts of creation depend on eachother; the less honours the greater – the beautiful adorns the useful, and the harmonious whole unite in grateful adoration to the great creator. The song of birds – the perfume of flowers – rippling rivulets – towering forests, and smiling skies seem emulous to act their several parts in the worship of a common Original.

The songster of the grove with its morning warbling causes the air to undulate with its joyous ascriptions, setting an example for listenening man to imitate. The billows of old Ocean, as they mount towards the blue sheltering arch above them, obey the impulse of an higher power. And when again they cease from their giant play, and succeed eachother in

lessening waves which die upon the strand, before their ~~[illegible]~~ ebbing life flows away, as priestly martyrs they kneel on the beach, kiss the earth with spray, and send heavenward in vapour an expiring incense.

No wonder that the hollow moan of the world of waters speaks to the fanciful of dirges, chaunted over the sea's engulphed victims, or of half-constrained anthems to the inhabitants of the upper world.

The responsive earth helps to swell the chorus of adoration. From her shady dells and mountain altars, sweet incense is sent up by every flower which breathes the air and basks in the sun-light of Heaven. Half of the beauty and worship of Nature were gone, did not the sweet flowers constantly make creation redolent with fragrance and gladness.

The clouds that with moist embrace hang around the forest clad mountain-tops, show sympathy for Earth by bedewing her bosom with their falling tears, or by rejoicing with her at the advent of ~~of~~ the golden orb of day. And as the setting sun overspreads the earth with his bright glories, they gather in beautiful combination around the grave of a departing day.

The starry heavens above us seem like a spacious palace whose nightly illumination reveals the sparkling eyes of

angel inmates bending on us looks of love. To these fair strangers and to their bright abode all the other parts of creation send their salutation.

But we need not thus exhaust the divisions of Nature; we have seen how a portion of them speak praise together, and we may justly suppose that the same scene is enacted in all Nature. If not, why is it, that when we wander among the richer scenes of creation, we do so naturally — so readily send up through them our adorations to the Deity, making them companions of our praises?

The human heart shrinks from uncongeniality, and did not an intuitive knowledge suggest such communion as peculiarly fitting, it would not, in those moments of high praise seek the beautiful things of Nature.

Why is it, that an acquaintance with Nature & her works always fills us with a deeper sense of reverence for the maker of all, if we do not see in the smiling flower, the ripplling wave — the twinkling star, something which touches a chord in our own breasts.! Surely "there is a worship going on among the things of God", which awakens in us a corresponding feeling. Too often the finer feelings of our nature lie dormant, as we blunted by contact with the sterner realities of life.

and by the hurry and bustle of the world, or by the vain pursuit of wealth or fame. But these communings with the deep heart of Nature are calming and often salutary, and lift us, as it were, above the impure atmosphere of Earth.

Such thoughts are not vain, and altogether profitless, - they are not mere Romance. Yet, in this direction, there is an extreme, by running into which, many have erred. Let therefore the meditative follow inspired leadings, and not blindly entrust themselves to fancy, for the daring ëronaut may rise too high, and fancy may stretch her wings beyond the bounds of credulity.

Mental Philosophy.

Looking on Education in its proper light as a means of training, enlightening and strengthening the mind, it is all-important that the subjects selected for study be such as are most likely to accomplish this purpose. If Education is the prime lever, by which the mass of humanity is to be raised to its proper level — if, by the pursuit of knowledge and the training of our faculties, we consider ourselves as passing through a course preparatory to the several parts we are to act in future, it becomes a fundamental question, what particular branches of science will afford the greatest opportunities for the attainment of these great ends?

As a means of education, but few departments of science are superior to Mental Philosophy, a subject which, while it gives exercise to the highest of our faculties, suggests, at the same time, the best means for their improvement.

Its chief advantage consists in rendering us acquainted with the different faculties powers and capabilities for enjoyment, which the mind possesses, and gives us a full knowledge of human nature in all its parts. Here, a man, by the study of

his own nature, finds out his powers - knows what courses to pursue for their development - and what to guard against. Obviously, no study is better able to show man what he is, and what is the peculiar organization of his intellectual powers, than the study of that which raises him so far above every other creature.

As a means of mental discipline, when rightly pursued, it trains him, by making him capable of reflective attention to his own ideas and emotions. By engaging in a course of investigation of the mind (which has foiled many an able inquirer by the impenetrable mysteries connected with it) a system of instruction may be obtained better than even mathematical branches afford.

Indeed it would not be venturing, to assign as a reason why mental philosophy is studied so much less than mathematics, that the former presents, in so many aspects so many difficulties, as to be surmounted only by the greatest perseverance.

By being fully acquainted with the faculties and sources of enjoyment of the mind, and the various effects which are produced on these principles by particular circumstances and situations, a man knows just what

his own attainments are, and how to supply all defects and deficiencies in his knowledge and character.

Before the character can be amended, faults stricken out, and right principles inculcated, an acquaintance must be formed, to some extent, with the general formation of the mind.

A philosophical analysis of the principles of the mind is the only foundation, on which, a proper system of education can be raised. And how little can the real importance of the study of the mind, and the magnitude of the difficulties by which it is opposed, be understood by those who rank mental philosophy among the branches of a school education, instead of among the higher collegiate studies. The mind should undergo a course of training in other branches, - especially the mathematics - before it undertakes to apply itself to disquisitions on the abstract subjects connected with mental philosophy.

As many of our systems of education are not founded on any very accurate knowledge of the mind, and subjects are taken up before the learner is prepared for them, and different studies follow in such irregular order, - almost any one, on arriving at maturity, feels it necessary to commence, as it were, a new course of

education. Whereas, were there a plan of education formed on an intimate acquaintance with with the mind, all could pursue their studies on the same footing, as far as each one's abilities extended, and it would be left to riper years to develop and bring into practice these principles, instead of having to begin a new course on the crude remains of a former injudicious one.

When the student has somewhat advanced, let him apply himself to mental philosophy, so as to estimate properly his attainments already made, and to know how to supply his defects.

The almost innumerable branches of Knowledge hold a close connexion with mental philosophy, and it is natural almost consequent, that all examinations in the several parts and divisions of the objects of human attainment, and the various rules for acquiring and imparting truth should refer to, and fall back upon mental philosophy as the head and centre.

The evolution of truth and the dissemination of knowledge being the aim of all scientific inquiries, it is not an essential quality of a good education that just such an amount be taken up and attended to, but that what is gone over be well understood and memorized. And here the

study of the mind comes into play, in supplying us with a knowledge of our powers, and the manner in which they may be best employed, - of our faults, and the manner in which they may be rectified.

As a good system of logic, founded on an analysis of the mind, would be of great assistance in scientific investigations - would keep the eye steadily fixed on the attainable objects of human curiosity - so, by displaying the relation, which all branches of knowledge bear to each other, and to their proper aim (the advancement of human happiness), the study of the mind would tend to restrict the labour and genius which is expended on science in general, to researches of actual practical importance.

A traveller in an unexplored and new country would wander from point to point according as fancy directed, or curiosity led him, his course would be directed only by the impulse of occasional curiosity; - and without a map or certain intelligence, all the information he could obtain would be derived from the objects casually coming under his notice.

This map of the field of human knowledge is supplied by mental philosophy, and enables the enquirer for wisdom to proceed with unvarying step in some fixed course.

It satisfies every curiosity which had been excited, stimulates every action, and as it points out the various directions in which his course lies, it leads on to those higher elevations, whence, as from some vast mountain, the observer may look off at the untried regions beyond.

But while the study of the mind is advantageous in showing how to exercise one's own intellectual powers, it is especially useful in those arts which have an effect on the minds of others.

How much does the success of the painter and orator rely on the manner in which they suit their productions to the characters and feelings of their fellow-men.

As in Science, so in Art. A philosophical analysis of the mind is the only true foundation of all advancement. A teacher, therefore, requires a full and distinct knowledge of human nature. Mental philosophy is also deeply concerned in the advancement of the morality and happiness of an individual. It shows how deeply happiness is affected by different courses of action, and assists in forming the most judicious plan of after conduct. While it teaches us duty to appreciate the real excellencies of the mind, it guides us in our efforts

for their attainment. While it points out the prize, it assists in its acquisition.

We are not, like Tantalus, presented with, only to be deprived of, the cup which would cool the spirits lip, but, like Lycon, are carried along to our destination with each turn of the advancing wheel.

The Literary Pioneer.

The progressive advances of Science are ever marked, strongly marked, with some deep impression. As the darkly-enveloping shades of ignorance slowly glide away before the beams of the rising sun of truth, and the shadows, which have yet remained in the low vallies of superstition, disperse even thence, an impression is left on mankind, which marks it free and enlightened.

Thus as the darkness of superstition retired from the old world, and religion, science, and literature advanced from the monastic cell where they had fled for refuge, they left on the age the impress of the Reformation. So the lover of the romantic in Nature, as he deserts the abodes of civilization, for a home in a far-off land, and startles the inhabitants of the forests with the reverberant echoes of the ringing axe, and the crash of falling trees, marks his pathway by cultivated fields, thriving towns, and the hum and bustle of the mart of business.

The discoverer in Science, as he leaves the principles already obtained and proved, and plunges into the maze beyond, to pierce with eagle gaze its dark recesses, and bring to light the hidden mysteries there embosomed, like the discoverer in nature leaves in his

back levelled obstacles and cultivated fields of Knowledge waiting for the minds of future followers to enrich and beautify.

Much of Science remains yet to be explored. We stand, like the great philosopher, gathering pebbles on the shore of an unexplored sea, our actual Knowledge ~~bound~~ limited by the circumscribing visual line. The waters beyond contain wealth untold. The ocean caves beneath the blue water hold the sparkling pearl and bright red coral, and shall the opposing dangers or even the remembrance of the shipwreck of former pioneers deter from the pursuit of such treasures?

Man will seek for higher Knowledge, each new gift of science seems but the promise of still greater concessions, — but fresh fuel to the enlarging flames. Mines of wealth have yet to be dug, new science yet to be explored — new truth yet to be evolved. Because man's desire is insatiable, his hand will still grasp for more, his spirits parched life thirst again.

While the pioneer in literature has difficulties to encounter, he has bright promises to cheer him on. While the mists of obscurity enshroud and darken his path, they furnish the canvas ~~on~~ which the rays of the sun of hope may

paint the low of promise. The brilliance of the future light, which will burst on him, will be enhanced by the remembrance of the darkness, which he previously passed through.

The Astronomer, as he gazes with strained vision into far off space, is fully repaid, for his days and months of watching, if at length the rays of some new-born planet burst on him with increasing light. He has laboured like the pioneer of a new country, — has added ~~another~~ a new law to one of the grandest branches of science, — has wrought out new principles of knowledge — has opened to the future student a new field for study, — and for himself, ~~that~~ planets light, beaming around his head, shall tell to other generations the story of his toils and triumphs.

The Geologist, while he pries into the bosom of mother earth, and lays bare its secrets for his own gratification, — for the satisfaction of his own desire of knowledge, is enlarging the field of science with every principle he discovers, and strengthening the other branches which relate to the object of his pursuit.

The Literary Pioneer rarely lives to see the fields he has opened filled by inquirers for knowledge, but, like Columbus

falls on the threshold of the object of his attainment. Yet his name is so inseparably connected with the object for which he has sought, that the student of literature will not fail to drop a pitying tear or some just tribute of praise to the memory of departed genius.

The pioneer in science can be no servant from any other profession, no "dwarf in science or butterfly in genius," for such would soon sink beneath the toils and labours attendant on a new project, but he must be one whose mind has been well instructed with the principles of other science, and is persuaded by the reasoning and conclusions arrived at there, that new fields of knowledge lie spread out beyond, which, if examined, will be explanatory of the old.

Peculiar trials attend the pioneer in science, difficulties great and hard to be encountered. The thoughtless and unfeeling multitude, who cannot appreciate the high toned worth and noble principles of the intellectually great, are ever ready to cry down any attempt to engage in a new scheme for the advancement of science. They consider the present an age of perfection, and any plan for pushing scientific investigations, as

Another class distinguished for its mobility attend the train of the adventurer, and like the sycophants of an heartless court, though joining in the cry of praise at any triumph, are the first to exult over any failure.

Exclusive of the difficulties belonging to the subject itself, these attendant trials would seem sufficient to deter the pioneer from the prosecution of his design. But the settler in a new country is not turned aside from his purpose, though separation from loved objects and the isolation of himself would call him back, or famine and death may rise up to appal him with their horrid forms.

Our own Puritan ancestors, in face of all the opposition ~~that~~ a dreary winter and the inhospitable reception of an ice-bound shore could give, sought and found a refuge in this new world, which ... they gradually awoke from its savage lethargy.

They became pioneers ~~to~~ this country, because liberty to worship God as they chose was denied them at home. They wished to demonstrate to the world the principles of true religion, The destiny of posterity was in their hands, and the results of their

present action was to tell in futurity, like the widening circles of the parted wave. Nor will the Literary pioneer, once satisfied that an additional gem to the casket of knowledge would enhance the value of those previously obtained, allow himself to be deterred from the acquisition of that gem.

Where now would be our boast of philosophy had the pioneers in investigations into the mental and moral nature of man allowed themselves to be baffled by the mysteries of their subject? Where our boast in the fine arts, had the masters abated their ardor in the prosecution of their several works, by contemplating the difficulties connected with them.

Every emergency provides its own way of escape. Every revolution furnishes its own leaders. An adventurous spirit is always found to carry out every new plan, and when the literary world feels that there is some link yet wanting in the chain of science, some pioneer is always ready to respond to its call, and embark in the search.

His success will mainly depend on his own exertions, yet he must not neglect the experience

and knowledge of others. The connection of science previously explored, with the object of his search, is to be his guide and assistance in overcoming an obstacle insuperable to his own exertions. He will never attain his object if he has no knowledge of other science to assist him, even though his genius be naturally great.

Jason himself would never have obtained the Colchian treasure had there been no Medea to lull to unwakening sleep its watchful guardian.

Insensibility

It is not rare to see the child, young and gay, or man, strong and active, in whom the life-blood once flowed full and free, gradually grow pale, - and the robust limbs become weak, - the glance of health forsake the eye - freshness the cheek, - and at last the emaciated body fall into the grave: - and the man is no more. Nor is the occurrence very unfre= =quent of living death, where the man still lives - and walks, and breathes, but the feeling - the spirit - the life is gone.

There is a state possible to be arrived at, when, though in possession of the full physical faculties, a man ~~man~~ may be called dead, when the hearts fountains seem dry - the spring of action broken - and the stretched chord of feeling, whose vibrations animated his nature, unstrung and pulseless. Then may a human being be called dead, when destitute of all sensations which characterize our immortal nature, and without a feeling of sensibility.

'Tis a melancholy spectacle to see a being, fitted for higher enjoyment, deprived of its qualities - withered like a blasted pine on a bleak

mountain-side, "barkless, branchless", and by its desolate condition only adding a palpability to its decay - not moving, not acting itself, but carried along by the swiftly flowing tide of humanity. Alone, as it were, in the wide world where all else is motion, action energetic action, it wanders forlorn and sad, a subject of dark and wretched thoughts - tormented and self-tormenting - bearing a canker - a scathing flame within its breast.

The essence of unhappiness then would consist in insensibility, "in feeling all feeling die" - in marking the ebbing waves of life as they flowed away until they finally sink in the abyss of nothingness.

With sorrow on the brow - moody melancholy and hate in the heart, the man of insensibility "like a wounded snake drags his slow length along" "alike unheeded and unheeding". He bears indeed the outward appearance of his fellow-men, but no light illumines the dark void within, no love warms - no ambition arouses, for, like the armed progeny of the sown dragon's teeth, they have destroyed eachother with contention, and have sunk to unawakening rest.

His [illegible] is [illegible] of his [illegible] existence, — the [illegible] remains, but the flashing eye it contained is dimmed and gone gone. In [illegible], a very principle of human nature, [illegible] gone. The [illegible] duties and aims of life are forgotten, and all the active scenes and events, which mark the character of man, excite him no more.

His heart may once have been light, and free from corrosive thoughts, but one by one his darling visions die like the tints of the fading sunlight. Care may have overburdened the soul — passion scorched it, or disappointment fallen like a pall on it, until some fell stroke of fortune descends on the already broken reed — "the vessel is already full and this last drop causes the waters of bitterness to overflow".

An inquiry into the origin of this insensibility, will lead to various causes why the heart should become dead to every sense of happiness. Often the satiated spirit turns in disgust from the free indulgence in pleasure, depressed and weighed down — tired of the pursuits and enjoyments of men, and insensible to all which is lovely and wonderful in nature.

With some it is the effect of disappointment. The heart has

wrought for itself schemes of pleasure and happiness, hopes have been raised, but those schemes and fostered hopes have failed. The ties which bind to a loved object are rudely torn asunder, and the friend, who was thought the nearest, becomes the farthest off.

In others, this loss of feeling results from the peculiar texture of the mind. A moody thread has been introduced into the web of human life, and it appears throughout marring the beauty and harmony of the whole.

But oftener it results from some dark passion which is nourished in the breast, and which, like a viper in the bosom strikes its fangs to the warm heart which sustains it. Or when that dark passion has burst forth and committed a darker act, the remembrance of the crime becomes a condemning voice, and the oft told tale of the remorse-pursued criminal finds its counterpart in the story of the man who is lost to feeling.

The "horrible shadow", which startled Macbeth, was only a reflexion of the restless images of cruel character that were crowding his mind. Ambition was drying up all the fountains which are scattered through the world, at which the spirit may quench its thirst — was scorching his heart to ashes, until in anguish for his

crimes;— and wearied out with continual excitement and restless spirit, he exclaims, "Oh! full of scorpions is my mind!" Scorpions! expressive word! his passions were destroying him and even themselves; they fed on each other, and Macbeth was fast approaching insensibility,— a total loss of feeling.

The world sees the misery thus daily caused by insensibility, but does not mark the origin of it. The sufferer is scarce missed by the active many and his place is soon filled. Were every fountain of the heart in full flow, and every spot watered, no single feeling would become dry. But when once the drought has commenced, its termination is often sad.

In this blight of an immortal spirit— in this decay and death of its feelings— the withering of the strength of the mental faculties, in this yonless casket— this soulless body, we see something almost fearfully warning and instructive. If Nature does not tell us, if man does not otherwise tell us, ~~that~~ human nature is frail, we need but look at the examples of loss of feeling which ~~the~~ each daily presents, to see it written in broad and living characters. The world at large is but little acquainted with the mental courage of even a truly great

man. It does not know that he is as much laid open to temptation as any other one. It sees him exposed only to the petty opposition of envy, and thinks that if he bears a great heart within, he stands secure. But they forget that the heart itself often becomes treacherous. Care and misery may corrode the heart, and where is the principle of its power and safety? Where the hand to bind up its broken tendrils? There is none—

—"for the heart injured once
Play throb 'till it break, but never feel more".

The lightning may blast to death the sturdy oak, while the ivy still clinging around it fresh and green will impart only an appearance of life, and a stroke of sorrow may lay the feelings of the heart lifeless, while outwardly and physically, the body is the only thing which allows to say life does exist.

The Forsaken.

Behind the veil, before which the great characters of every age are acting, a mass of humanity exists, undistinguished and almost forgotten. Occasionally that shrouding veil is lifted – a glimpse beyond is obtained – a few of the more prominent forms attract our attention – and the veil falls. But that one glance has revealed to us much. The countenances of the shadowy forms, which we saw glide by, have left their impress on the mind. The sad – the gay – the jealous – the passionate are each remembered.

History is not always without the charge of partiality. While it recounts the victories of the conqueror it almost makes us forget the sad fate of the conquered.

The intellectually noble and lovely, yet diffident, are often lost sight of behind those who are perhaps only physically great, and whose boldness has been their only passport to renown. Yet she, at times, takes some from those obscure ranks only to make their degradation more palpable by placing them in a strong light.

She tells of the poor, the oppressed, the despised – the forsaken. The man or nation, which is subjected – bespoiled – and then, when plundered by its enemies, is deserted by its

friends and left forsaken, though ~~it receives~~ receiving but little notice in history, would occupy a large place, were the untold, told.

While society exists, distinctions will be formed — grades will be drawn — some one or some class will be prominent, and others, though their low station, will be despised — outcast — forsaken. Yet, not always, the lowly. The rich — the great — the noble — those who have occupied stations of honor and distinction among men may, by a stroke of fortune, fall, and, though once courted become neglected.

What applies to individuals may for the most part be said of nations. The latter cannot always be entirely forgotten, yet, like men, they may be forsaken. In the rise and fall of dynasties and kingdoms, almost the first in the scale of nations has fallen. Her rival powers, rejoicing in her calamity, have precipitated themselves on her, like the rapacious vulture on the yet bleeding corpse, — plundered her of her little yet remaining all, — cast out the dismembered fragments of state, and when thus torn, have left her to be forsaken by her friends.

The self-styled Holy Alliance, composed of some of the strongest of European powers, and formed for the unholy purpose of the destruction of Polish liberty, like Death, who

though drunk with the blood of millions, "insatiate craves his millions more", grasped for larger and still larger acquisitions, and with the marks of its violence on the wounded and scarcely heaving breast of Poland — the flame though not the spark of liberty extinct — have left her forsaken, except when their avarice demands another drain on the life-blood of their victim.

Often a nation which was prospering in peace and wealth, and gaining a reputation, not through rapine and plunder of lesser powers, but through its own true goodness and greatness, has attracted, by that very magnificence, the envious eye of others — has been undermined by their machinations — has become their prey, and when stricken and blighted, "without a generous friend or pitying foe", is left deserted . . . .

"Like a rose of the wilderness left on the stalk
To tell where the garden has been."

The man also, good and great, who has gathered around him admiring friends, and who, it would seem, could scarcely have an enemy, has declined. The tide of popular favour setting against him has borne him before it, until the once honored becomes forsaken.

That republics are ungrateful is not an unmeaning accusation, though other forms of government are also open to the charge. Rome's stations of honour were often filled by the worthless patricians who held no recommendation but their pampered blood, while the military tact, which had often preserved her existence, and which was necessary to guide a government whose profession was war and every qualification befitting a ruler, was set aside, and her bravest generals and men otherwise great who had a right to expect a reward were forgotten — often dishonored — neglected — forsaken.

In the government of Greece and Rome, where for a time, great power was vested in the hands of the people, aspirants for office had to rely only on the will of the populace, by which they were raised or debased, according as its feeling was excited.

The history of those two states, for a while, exhibit a continual shifting scene. A man would rise — every honour would be heaped on him, and sitting with crowds of friends around him at one time, would little think that soon he would be compelled to flee disgraced from his country — his name dishonored, and at last forsaken to sink into an unknown exiles grave.

O! what boiling tumultuous thoughts must have occupied the mind of such an exile. To be gifted with highest honors - to be cherished and applauded - then to see the gradually darkening eye of suspicion, and at last, when the storm breaks, to be disgraced and forsaken, with pride and hopes laid low, every generous feeling dead, and every dark passion aroused. Can a feeling soul bear up under such disappointments? Truly noble were those ancient hearts, who, when in exile could refrain from making use of proffered opportunities of revenging themselves on their ungrateful countrymen.

But the world has witnessed sadder instances of desertion than these. A man "cruted" as he is "to the melting mood", may endure to have his hopes blighted - his name disgraced, and himself forsaken; but when a sensitive daughter of our common mother falls under reproach deserved or not, what can measure the sadness of her situation? A man may rebuild a broken reputation; - a woman, never. The prostrated tree may send forth new roots, but the broken reed, what can avail!

Has not the world witnessed the loving daughter of a once fond father disowned - denied a home and forsaken? Often has the tender and delicate

been sent forth to partake of "the world's cold charity." In the baronial halls which yet remain as remnants of the feudal system, has some daughter's heart sunk crushed by the words which fell from a stern father's lips, as he cast her away for choosing to entwine the tendrils of her affections around a forbidden one. What comfort or hope then was left for a frail being, in an age and among men given to the harsh sights and sounds of war?

"Ah! where could she seek, all desolate then
The magical charm her bliss to restore?"

What but hopeless misery was left for her, when forsaken and cast out from home, she was separated from him, for whom she suffered?

The refined arts of the present age, have brought with them a refinement of polite cruelty ~~with them~~. Beneath the pleasures with which fashionable life is adorned, there is borne many an aching heart. A forced smile for the sake of appearance may cover a heart, which the worm of grief and vanished hopes is gnawing to destruction. Say not that the hearts enlisted affections can forget, for "they sin who tell us love can die", but when hopes are withdrawn by the hand which supplied them, words can scarce express the anguish of the forsaken one. Often has the favouring breeze

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which wafts along the swiftly-gliding ship, increased to a raging storm, and when its fury is spent, it leaves the vessel a dismasted, rudderless wreck exposed to the guidance of every changing wind. So desertion comes down on the heart like a destructive storm, and leaves it broken, and crushed ~~to the dust~~.

What has been will be. The lessons of the past have continually to be relearned. The records of bye-gone days, if redated, might serve as histories of the future. There will be the same account of wars, crimes, and murders — the same sad tale of the forsaken. The child, across whose brow a shadow of sorrow has scarce flitted, may live to fall beneath a stroke of desertion. And the man, who now occupies stations of importance, and who is ranked among the nation's noblest, may sink under the envious eye of suspicion, — may loose the nation's confidence — be stripped of his honours, and forgotten.

Then the remembrance of those honours will be only an aggravation of the keenness of the loss, like the lustre adorning the party-colored tunic of Hercules, which at last consumed the hero by its poisonous contact.

The Waldensian Mother.

'Twas twilight hour,—
The darkening shades of Night came thickening on,
And closed in sombre hue o'er rugged peak
And mountain vale around. The blasted pine
Had e'en ceased to cast his lengthened shadow,
And the sun long set, with fading splendors,
Glowed dimly in the West. Then starry hosts
Gradually drew forth their marshalled bands.
As each bright gem came twinkling from blue depths
Of Heaven's dark vault, it seemed the jewelled clasp, that,
Round the lonely scene fastened the gaol of Night.
Yet, was it not all lone.
For nestling in a quiet vale, 'neath crags
And towering heights, that, in the silver rays,
Mantled, of the now risen moon, lent contrast ~~was situate~~
deeply rich in light & shade, — was situate,
A Waldensian peasant's cottage-home.
And, a wanderer's weary eye might catch
The light, which from the lowly casement gleamed.
The single-minded peasant,
For religion's sake, had fallen a victim
To the oppressor's persecuting power.
The Book, whose sacred truths, in sorrow's hour,

Had cheered and soothed his fainting, troubled heart;
She could not – would not – yield, at cruel bid
Of human power; but rather, to support
Its noble claims, resigned his humble life.
Meekly,
The widowed partner of his joys and toils
Bowed 'neath the heavy stroke. Not murmuringly,
But like the vine, which, from sustaining prop
Too rudely torn, sinks trailing on the earth;
So she: though resting in full, Christian hope,
Upon her God, – wound lovingly her arms
In gushing tenderness, around her babe.
How much,
The human heart seeks some associate,
Even though it be the merest thing of Earth.
And now
The Waldensian mother sat within
That lowly cot. The evening's frugal meal
Was done, and the humble room with neatness,
Scrupulous, was dressed. In the wide hearth-place,
The dying embers woke again to life,
And cheerfully, the heaped up fuel blazed.
She sat alone.

Nor at her side, was friend, nor relative
Nor human habitation, whose inmates
Might form a pleasant company, to while
The winter evening's slow-winged hours away.
But, with her loving babe she sat engaged,
Near the bright, glowing, hearth, - in gentle frolic.
Affection fondly pictured out the time
When her declining years should rest upon
His stalwart arm. Nor much time passed she thus
Sharing in childhood's joyous laugh:- full soon,
Wearied with the excess of mirth, her boy
Fell fast asleep within her twining arms.
His heart was beating high from recent sport.-
A smile yet lurked around his parted lips,
Like sunshine, on the cleft of purpley fruit.
Motionless she sat,
With that dear living weight upon her arm.
Now o'er the shadowed waters of her soul
That her infants careless glee had brightly stirred,
Fell rapidly the terrible forbodings —
The Waldo mother thought of troublous times,
And the fierce, cruel, persecuting bands,
Whose power, her youthful husbands blood had spilt,

And made his sepulchre the snow-clad earth.
Yet though she thought their rage would over pass
Her unoffending head, like storm above
The bending rush, she could not banish, quite,
The thought, – perhaps Death's messenger was nigh, –
And then, – but Oh! the thought was misery's self –
Who! who would guard her boy!
She laid him gently in his little couch,
And bending, sank upon her knees, to ask
The blessing and protection of Omnipotence.
But, Mother! hark!
Hear with a quaking soul that crashing sound
Which seems to come from far. Nay! think thee not
'Tis the rising wind dashing the ice-drops
From the straw-thatched eaves, or else, the branches
Striking their long, ice-bound arms together.
It bodes no good to thee!
She heeds it not, but lifts her voice in prayer.

"Oh! Holy Father, look thee down,
In mercy on my cause,
Nor let the tyrant injure me
For obedience to thy laws!

Yet, if it is thy holy will,
This cup of wrath I'll drink,
And kiss the hand that lifts the rod,
Beneath whose stroke I sink.

Protect and guard this nursling one,
—Father! I give him to thy care.—
And for the sake of thy dear Son
God Almighty, hear my prayer!"

She ceased, A holy calmness breathed around
Her form.—a feeling of security.
She little thought that danger was so nigh!
Fond mother! thou thyself wast offering up,
Unwittingly, thy sacrificial prayer!
Without that humble tenement
Were passing acts and words far different.
The forms of men with ruffian look and tone,
Were hastening towards the light, which gleamed
From that small casement. How harshly grate
Their accents on the bitter, midnight air!
And ever and anon, with hoarse oaths
Commingled, and loud fiendish laugh, were heard

The freezing tales of cold-blooded murder.
Now coming nearer to the peasant's cot,
Her bending, kneeling form they saw, and then
With sharpened sense, like hounds upon the track,
Listening, they heard, unmoved, the solemn prayer
Of supplication.
Mother! hearest thou not
That one, whose voice commanding, and whose face
More fierce, bespeaks him leader of the band?
How dark and harsh his angry, muttered words!
"The accursed rebel! now we've caught her
In the very act! Let us give her time
To say Amen again, and then we'll draw
The canting fool's blood from her veins. Break through
The devil's hut! Kill her not at first,
But let her woman's mind be frightened, 'till
Her chattering teeth, and trembling limbs shall
Better fit the wretch for hell!"
Some dashed the fragile casement in; others
Raised down their heavy blows of axe and sword,
The creaking door upon.
The final word of prayer had scarcely past
The Mother's lips, when starting from her knees

With boding ear she heard the clashing sound
Without, and saw, with eye amazed, a form
Advancing boldly, through the broken lattice,—
Huge, and ruffian-like, with horrid face
All fiendish, and eye of demon glaring fierce
As lion on his prey.
Not pausing for a word
Of warning or command, instinctively,
She snatched up from his couch, her sleeping boy,
And casting round his form a covering slight
To screen it from the cold, wildly, she gained
The passage way. Then through an outer door,
Emerging in the chilly air of night,—
With step that scarcely touched the crispy snow,—
She hasted through the narrow vale, and up
The gentle slope, that led to steeper heights.
The assailants
Saw her fast receding form, and turning
To the swift pursuit, with savage yell, through
Light and shade, now in deep darkness, and anon
Beneath the pale moon-beams, they sped their way.
Like timid deer pursued by howling wolves,
The mother heard that cry of rage, and swiftness

To her light step it gave. With winged speed,
Up the rugged rocks she sprung, made icy,
By dripping snows, and o'er the slippery paths,
With sure and unerring step, she hasted i
In her flight;- but, burdened by her darling weight,
The pursuers gained on her apace,
Their eyes upon her fixed, until,-
An angle in the mountain rock she turned,
Then hasting down a dim, familiar path,-
She plunged into a cave obscure, which met
Her eager gaze.
There! Mother! stay thee there,
The storm will pass thee o'er and leave thy head
Untouched. Oh! leave thee not thy sure retreat!
But, no! her anxious heart allowed no pause i
In that wild flight.
Lifting, in hasty prayer, her tearless eyes
To God, upon the level ground she sprung,
That overhung the cave. By her delay,
The persecutors fierce, had almost gained
Her wearied form. Then with muttered oath,
And an exultant cry, the foremost one
Leaped forward, knowing full well, the victim

Soon, within his grasp would be.

Oh! Italy!

In shame conceal thy blushing face, that ever
Atrocious acts like these thy mountains grand
And shaded vales disgraced! Humanity!
Draw o'er the bloody scene thy veil, and hide
It from our sight! Yet must the tale be told.

The race for life . . . . . , by a steep precipice,
Was ended. There sunk the fainting mother,
Conscious, how useless was resistance now.
Soon came the persecutors. O'er her head,
Unguarded, hung their thirsty swords. Suppliant
Then, she seized the arm of one asking for life
In agony. - "Oh! save me, save me for my child!
"Oh! God! my God! my child!"

The ruffian's falling sword severed the arm
That clasped his arm in life's last bitter strife!
Off the precipice the mother, ~~shriekless~~,
Slipped. Her body, dashing heedlessly, fell
On the ice-bound earth below.

When morning rose, the ruddy sun-beams mantled
The mangled Mother, and her frozen babe
Fast locked within her arm, in Death's embrace!

An Indian Tradition.

Almost every locality has some tale of the Past, - some tradition connected with it, which it often becomes an interesting, as well as profitable task to rescue from oblivion. The mountain rock, - the forest crowning the steep hill-top, - the broad and deep river, or rippling stream that chafes its narrow banks, and roars over its rocky bed, may each possess some peculiar interest, because it carries us back in thought to the time, when other men, and other actions were passing.

The grandeur and beauty of the mountain passes and heathery hill sides of Scottish scenery are enhanced by the remembrance of the deadly feuds of hostile chiefs, and the persecutions and murders of the devout Covenanters, which they have witnessed. What traveller would have visited Loch Katrine had not a Scott collected the scattered incidents connected with it, and with his magic pen told a tale of such exciting interest? With what numerous traditionary tales is not the traveller supplied as he visits European ruins, - mountains or lakes!

The scenery of our own country is surrounded by many such associations, connected chiefly with that noble and impetuous race, which once inhabited these shores.

Such an interest surrounds a locality situated many miles above the head of navigation ~~[illegible]~~ of the Delaware River. This river, receiving the contributions of two other, smaller streams, winds like a

silver band among a chain of hills, one of which is more particularly connected with the following tale.

In the brave and warlike tribe of Delawares which neighbored this locality, lived a chieftains daughter. The many virtues and beauties of the maiden need not be described. Suffice it to say, that, beloved by all her tribe and sought as a companion by many a young hunter, whose lone wigwam was sadly in want of a superintendent, - as a child of nature, she added to the naturally inquiring mind of the savage, sensibilities, extremely delicate, which taught her to see, - like another of her race, - a spirit in every flower - tree, and wind "that whispered sweet words to her."

But the right to call her "mine" had been claimed by, and granted to a youthful warrior, as much a superior among his associates, as she among hers, and he now was probationed, as it were, and only waiting for some signal opportunity to display his prowess against the foes, and show himself worthy of a chieftain's daughter.

He did not long need to await an opportunity, - he was not compelled to expect an expedition against the foes of his tribe, for the enemy was already planning an attack, - was coming, - was soon to be at their doors.

A small, but powerful tribe, deriving their

origin from the Mohawks, and holding territory a distance of several days journey beyond the eastern side of the Delawares, had planned, and were actually putting into execution an expedition against them. As there was much danger attending the plan, and great results about to flow from it, scouts were sent on, several days before, to gain all desirable information, and prepare the way for the main body following.

Of these scouts one, — who deserved a better errand and a better fate than befell him, — was noted in his tribe for his nobility and bravery.

In making his observations one day, about the tent of the Delaware chief, his eyes fell on the form of that chieftain's daughter. As she was in beyond the more he gazed, the more the flame burned within him.

As long as safety would allow, he remained there, not to make observations as a spy, but as a lover, and then returned to his retreat, while his countrymen were yet a few days journey from the chief's village, he chanced to observe the maiden and her lover, — heard their plighted vows, — and felt the flame of jealous rage in his breast against one, whom he now considered his mortal enemy. On the same day he met the chief's daughter some distance from her father's house, and

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though too noble to injure her, rashly detained her, until he had made known the state of his affections, and besought her to receive him, though an enemy, since with her, he could ever be a friend to her father's race.

As soon as set at liberty by the fettering hands of her rash lover, alarmed and insulted, the maid fled to her home, and related the occurrence, which instantly aroused the tribe to a sense of its danger. The spy, now aware that his enemies would soon be on him and his tribe, fled,- told not of his rashness, but simply said that the enemy had somehow learned of their approach, and was coming against them. Immediate preparations were made for battle, and the Mohawks were soon hasting to meet their enemies.

The evening sun was fast declining, and shed his slanting beams over forest and hill, whose shadows were darkly mirrored in the streams which coursed through the dales. The chirping sounds of nature had almost given way to "the insects drowsy hum"; and the evening breeze floated among the trembling leaves. More than that,- it played about swarthy cheeks, and lifted the long masses of dark hair from brows which were burning with rage.

Oh! that mother and a maiden Jephtha had sacrificed the heart, raging with anger, now to lie cold in death!

The hostile parties soon came in sight. The battle was joined, and raged from the setting of the sun, until the moon's full beams was the only light which illumined the forest shade. The contending parties swayed to and fro as they alternately were compelled to shrink from the showers of arrows, and heavy blows of tomahawks of the other. The rivals had observed each other, and though often near had been parted by the waves of battle. At length they met, and over the bodies of their slain companions, though wearied already, they fought with a zeal that could be sustained by hatred alone. The others, tired with the long contest, fought with less vigor, and soon ceased to gaze in wonder at the fury with which the rivals plied their blows.

But the crisis had come. The Indian, weakened by the loss of blood, was fast sinking, and his antagonist's hatchet was descending upon his head, when suddenly a female form of virgin white on the combatants, and the blow intended for her lover sinks into the bosom of the chieftain's daughter!

The Mohawk, with his hatred of his rival, now turned to remorse for the act thus unintentionally committed, in horror flies, - for the enemies are in pursuit, and

woe to of his tribe who falls into their hands!

The sad tragedy has one more act. The pursued fled, until his swift way was stopped by the river, here more than usually wide and deep. Not only not wishing to survive her, whom he had vainly loved, but also determined not to fall into the hands of his enemies, he leaped from the steep bank, into the bosom of the stream beneath, that gliding softly along, scarcely showed a ripple in the moon's rays.

The parted wave closed over his sinking form, – the gurgling water told of the death struggle, – the placid stream flowed on as before, and all was over.

The rock, which to him was the stepping stone from life to death, – whether for his memory or not – bears the significant name of "Lover's Leap".

The frost in which the maiden and her betrothed fell, – like another Thisbe and Pyramus, – is carpeted with a beautiful wild-flower. We will not quarrel with the imaginative who choose to ascribe its sweetness to the warm life-tide that gushed, in death from the heart of our heroine. 22

The Significancy of the Past.

In the sermon "Trade Sermon" which the Unitarian Interest considered so important that it sent it across from heaven, we are met by many inquiries. The questions arise, whither are we tending? What are we doing? Are our acts of the present, or does our influence extend to unborn millions? In the kindling of our own hearts, are we the flames, those sparks we struck long ago?

In order these social inquiries we must look back, and endeavor to find the connection between the Past and the Present.

In the examination of the occurrences related by History, there are presented to us, two important points of consideration; one, the relation that every event bears to another, as cause and effect; the other, the influence of the spirit of its time in producing these events.

In regard to the first point, it is not unfrequent to look on events as isolated occurrences alone, and not, as they are, links in some great chain, one strength of which is laid in the memory days rise and pass together, whilst the other is yet in the process of formation, and [illegible] until the [illegible] will [illegible]

blazing world. The cause therefore we see not the relation between certain events, is our own greatness of the past and our ignorance of the future. Human vision pierces not into futurity; the long shadows, which coming events cast before them, are not visible to the mass of humanity. Rapidly they have passed, and they alone could tell of its life, must dream the <u>has been</u>. We can not lift the shrouding veil, but by the aid of the lamp of Experience, we may make skillful judgments based thus some the sometimes not entire complaint that "life is a dark way".

It may be objected that Knowledge is always, and this would be allow that what is true of today may not be true of tomorrow. But we judge that this objection is unfounded. Though Science and Art may make rapid advances the pulsations of the great throng of humanity are ever the same, general principles are immutable, - causation is uniform, - and the future may be surmised from the past.

We can watch the chain of events as it lengthens out, can compare it with that previously drawn out, and thus skillfully calculate of that which is to come. Indeed it is as easy to look as on a great picture, and

[illegible] all the kind of every phenomena, down to [illegible] the time of their occurrence seemed dependent and inseparable [illegible] connection with [illegible], and to look [illegible] to belong to anything in the position [illegible] connecting [illegible], the [illegible] implanted [illegible] to [illegible].

We thus see that events are not isolated occurrences but that each succeeding event has much to do with the character of the next; this seems a very strange conclusion! Will indeed one event effect another! Will one [illegible] world? Is it possible that [illegible] back to its original [illegible] conduct [illegible]? It is true, though strange, [illegible] upon a single [illegible]! [illegible] the complete [illegible] the [illegible] begin to count [illegible] attendant on [illegible]. Individual [illegible] sympathies, [illegible] establishments of governments [illegible], revolutions are only the legitimate results.

It were an interesting task to search out the mission of every nation which has stood prominent in [illegible] [illegible] by each and their values. [illegible] this [illegible] what a change would be produced!

How would the scale of nations be altered! The little nation, upon whose small boundaries the spot of a thousand cities would look with contempt, could take a position in the scale of comparative merit, far above its proud superior.

What then is the significance of the Past? — What is there that concerns us in the oracles of the bye-gones.

Look back through the ages so emphatically called dark, while yet civilization was neither nor known by the Saxon inhabitants of Great Britain, and ask the sages of former epochs, whether the light of the Gospel religion, which now overspreads the world, would ever have arisen, had not these Saxons been converted to Christianity! Though that Christianity was hardened by many unmeaning rites, it was better than the darkness of Superstition. The salutary restraints, which religion ~~affords~~ exercises in governments, are preferable to an entire abandonment of men to the power of a few, to whom might alone has given right.

The Saxons rescued from the evils of superstition were rapidly advancing in civilization and nourishing

germs of future good. Bound by the ties of the church, which the had accepted, in a common brotherhood with the other European nations belonging to the same religious rule, they soon received and gave mutual benefits. There was meaning in this. The influence of those times extends to the present.

The Crusades have been denounced as fanatical projects, and as useless effusions of blood. But this was not shed in vain. The crusades were of incalculable benefit to Europe. Their evil was mixed with not a little good. Undoubtedly their primary results were injurious. They indeed impoverished the European resources, they uselessly destroyed life, lives & laid the way, thousands of bare warriors on Asiatic plains. But they ameliorated, in many respects beneficially. They loosened the bonds holding together the immense structure of feudalism, which had so long imprisoned the masses of humanity. By them was introduced much of the knowledge of Oriental sages, among the uncultivated nations of the west. The suddenly increased migration ~~Caused~~ produced by them acted as a lever to raise Europe in the scale of civilization. They caused different tribes and families of mankind, which before were widely sepa-

=rated, to intermix, by which means each derived benefit from the gains of others. And they also were instrumental in returning pure religion. They opened a path of intercommunication between the East and West. Pilgrims, curious travellers, antiquarians, and philosophers all flocked in search of their several objects, and each returned with a store of knowledge, the dissemination of which, in a measure supplied the absence of the Press. The devout pilgrim to Eastern shrines brought back with him not only a heart made better, - a mind enlarged by the wisdom of philosophers, but also the fine arts of foreign masters. This early-acquired civilization taught him to build on the ruins of his turf hut, mansions of a finer fabric.
Was there no meaning in this,

When the Saxon vassels threw off their Norman yoke, a cloud broke upon England, the bright side of which we can now see, though they whose efforts produced it, saw only the dark. What have we from it? Everything that as descendants of Englishmen, we could wish. For instance, a language probably to become the language of the world, - the vehicle of thought superior that of any

the nation, scarcely excepting the German.
What was meant by the Magna Charta? It meant that liberty is an object attainable in nations.
The concessions made by King John were the precursors of good to England. And in after years, when her soil became congenial to Puritan principles, they were the foreshadowings of that liberty which now cheers American shores. Had not the Magna Charta been signed the masses of England would never have been elevated, and the Puritan exodus would not have occurred. Had not this exodus occurred, what would be the situation of America and the world?
It is thus we are to explain the meaning of past events, thus we are to ascribe to the actions of our ancestors long ago, the good or evil we ourselves reap.

Rivalry: as a producer of great events.

We often observe a collision of interests, and think that it is the cause of much evil, - that if one interest is triumphant, the other is destroyed, - that the conquerors will oppress the conquered, & that besides this evil, there is the equal damage done to the community at large, by the disturbance of general peace & quiet.

But on coming to look more narrowly into the subject, we find that this conflicting of interest, - spirit of rivalry, or antagonism, as it might be called, is of real benefit to the world. These contentions are like the currents in a body of water, which without them would grow stagnant. Though peace is an object always to be desired, and war a catastrophe to be shunned, we commit no paradox, when we uphold antagonism, in its here qualified sense.

We can see a meaning in this spirit of rivalry.

Take for example the contests that existed between reason and authority in the middle ages. The Romish Church.

was insisting on its asserted rights to demand obedience, on account of the authority derived from the Apostolic succession.
The rebellion against this authority, and the attempt of a few to exercise, without restraint, the right of private judgment or reason, gave rise to the church, which because of the protestations of its members against unlawful demands was called Protestant.
This rebellion prevailed everywhere and in every condition of life. The corruptions of a degenerate church alienated its members from it.
Statesmen would not consent to be mere tools in the hands of an overbearing vice-gerent of the Deity. Law-makers would not endure a religion that by a word could change moral actions and make wrong right.
Philosophers would not unhesitatingly receive dogmas, ~~even~~ for which they could see no reason, even though promulgated by a church. Then was presented an example of the rivalry existing between mere authority and awakened reason. Humanity an reason were struggling for their

rights against the unlawful bondage of a dogmatic authority.

That this antagonism was of much benefit is obvious, because in examining the controversies of past ages we see that some peculiar system of philosophy has accompanied and superinduced every fresh statement of the relations between reason and authority.

The tenets of the admirers of Plato gave rise to, and sustained the Gnostic discussion on reason and authority. Then followed a long silence on the subject, for the age was no longer Platonic - those tenets were no longer in repute.

The controversy arose a second time, by the introduction of Aristotelian doctrines. Commencing about the age of Augustine, and continuing until the Scholastic period, the revived opinions of Aristotle held the supremacy. An unqualified assent to his dogmas was demanded.

And now a third a broader, a higher platform was erected, on which the

struggle was to continue. The scholastic age was retiring; Aristotle's philosophy was falling before that of Bacon. The conflict became more intense; and Europe gazed on it with anxious eyes, for life, freedom, and many dear interests were at stake. Old forms were disappearing. France and Italy were putting forth literature of their own. The Press was rearing its mighty head. Science was no longer proscribed, but dared to emerge from the monastic cell. Even superstition became her handmaid; and the high-wrought fancy of the Alchemist, and of the pilgrim in his world-wide journey for the philosopher's stone, led to results, practically more important than the Midas touch of the alchemist or fabled stone would have been. The investigations laid the foundations for the temple of Chemistry; the search for the other opened the door for the entrance of Geology. The superstitious ceremonies of the Church were regarded by former votaries, with a displeased and even disgusted eye. Religion and philosophy both needed renewal,

and the efforts made for them ended in a successful issue, — the Reformation.

Thus we see the spirit of rivalry between philosophy and religion helping greatly to the production of the Reformation

In the same way it will be found that (as has been intimated) it was advantageous to scientific purposes. Men in searching after truth in religion, and in examining the endless variety of opinions held by different philosophers and great men, fell into paths and channels which led them to many valuable attainments. The same is applicable the other pursuits of life

There must be a competition, a rivalry, an antagonism of interests to excite to lively feeling on any subject. Those following commer=
=cial pursuits need to feel a friendly rivalry with eachother, or business will stagnate. The Scholar is urged more diligently in his Pierian journey, when he sees others pressing close upon him, and threatening to pass

him. The Ocean needs an opposing shore and wind to engender his waves. Man's abilities will decay in the palaces of Indolence if there is nothing to urge him to the work-shop of Industry; a to make him feel that he must strive, or he will lose in life's race.

Antagonism is as life blood to society, - stop its pulsations, and paralysis ensues. Yet that life-blood sometimes needs renovation - puri=fication, for injurious elements may be introduced; if these are not removed the results may be frightful. In the days of Romish intolerance, religious rivalry, in the height of its virulence, cast its victims in the flames or bound them to the rack. Now that it is restrained within more proper bounds, it can only vent itself in defaming those it is unable otherwise to injure. It is an object worthy of all hope an exertion that hereafter rivalry may attain its ends, and at the same time be destitute of those elements that cause it to be

shunned. A correct apprehension of the Significance of the Past is one means for the acquisition of that object.

Death and Sleep.

Literally translated from the German prose of Krummacher.

Death and Sleep, the Angels of Slumber and Death, brother-like, locked arm in arm, walked over the earth. They lay themselves down on a hill not far from the habitations of men. A melancholy silence prevailed round about, and the vesper bell in the distant village grew mute. Still and silent, as is their custom, the two beneficent guardian angels of the human race were held in intimate embrace; and beautiful night approached. Then arose the Angel of Slumber from his moss-covered couch, and strewed with noiseless hand, the invisible seeds of slumber. The evening wind carried them to the silent abodes of the tired husbandman. Sleep, held, enfolded in its arms, the inmates of the rural cottage; from the gray-haired sire who walked, leaning on his staff, even to the infant in the cradle. The sick forgot his pains, – the mourner his grief, – the

poor man his cares. All eyes were closed.
Now after his task was ended, this beneficent Genius again laid himself by the side of his stern brother. "When the morning dawn breaks in" exclaimed he, with cheerful innocence, "then the world will praise me as its friend and benefactor. O! what a joy to do good unseen and secretly! How happy are we the invisible messengers of a good Spirit! How beautiful is our silent vocation!" So spake the friendly Angel of Slumber. The Death-angel looked at him in silent sadness, and a tear, such as the immortals weep, stood in his large dark eye. "Oh!" said he, "I can not, as you, enjoy such delightful thanks. The world calls me its Enemy and Destroyer of its joys". "O! my brother," answered the Angel of Sleep, "will not the good man, at his awakening recognise as a friend, and gratefully bless you also? Are we not brothers, and messengers of one Father?" Thus spake he.

Then shone the eyes of the Death-angel,

and the brotherlike genii embraced each other tenderly.

The above transposed.

At the late evening hour to man's abode,
O'er earth's round orb, their pathway trod—
The Angel of Sleep and Angel of Death
Fondly mingling their thoughts in intimate breath.
On a green hill, not far from mortal home,
In sweet embrace they ceased awhile to roam.
A melancholy silence reigned around;
Nor voice was heard, nor aught disturbing sound,—
Save, on the ear, from hamlet distant, fell
The ringing echo of the vesper-bell,—
Which sinking to a low and dying note,
Grew mute, and ceased upon the air to float.
Watchful yet still as is their usual mood,
Man's Guardian Ones, beneficent and good,
Were held in brotherlike embrace and close;
While the darkly-beautiful night arose.

Then, springing with haste, the Angel of Sleep,
Rose, from moss-covered couch, his mission to keep;
Scattering with a free and noiseless hand,
Invisible seeds, which slumber command.
The opative breeze of night, now passing by,
Received those floating gifts that bless the eye;
On wing conveying them to man's abode,
To lab'rer wearied with oppressive load.

Within his noble arms, Sleep pillowed well
The rural dwellers on the hill or dell;
The gray-haired sire, who leaned upon his staff,
As well as infant with its merry laugh.
All were sunk to peaceful dreams. His sad lot
Of weariness and pain the sick forgot.
The mourner ceased his plaint, — the poor his care, —
All eyes were closed; no pain, or grief was there.

This deed of kindness done, the genius then
By his sterner brother's side reclined again.
"Whene'er the morning dawn breaks bright'ning in,
"The praises of a gladdened world I'll win,

"Its genial benefactor and true friend.
"O! what a joy is this! to kindly bend,
"In mercy on mankind;- from good,- unseen,
"With liberal hand bestowed,- unnumbered thanks to glean
"How happy we! Sent by a Spirit kind,
"To ~~soothe~~ cheer man's sorrows, and to soothe his mind!
"How beautiful our task! Our toil so dear!
"Our joy so pure,- our pleasure so sincere!"
With cheerful countenance thus gladly said
The Angel Sleep, whose face with joy was spread.

The Angel Death in silent sadness gazed,
And in the large dark eye he upward raised,
There stood a tear,- a tear immortals weep,
When unused sorrows on their heart strings sweep.
While this he spake.- "Oh! it is not,- believe!-
"For me, these joys to taste,- these thanks receive.
"The world complains that I, its joys, destroy,
"And in its every sweet infuse allay."
"O! Brother mine", the Angel Sleep replies,
"The good man, waking, thee will recognise
"Its friend,- not enemy,- and grateful bless

"With thanks not less than those I shall possess.
"Are we not Brothers,— linked by mutual tie,—
"By one great Parent sent, on mission sweet to fly?"
Darkly, while yet he spake, with satisfaction shone
The orbs of Angel Death, as he had known
Of joy again. And, brother-like, the Genii,
Ere parting, clasped each other tenderly!

The Possible a future Reality.

To little minds our knowledge appears great; to great minds it appears little. The former boasts of knowing all, - the latter look forward to a time when they shall know more. The one claps it down satisfied that mind has reached its highest attainment, - the other trust to the future to unfold it to an immensely greater degree, and anticipates the time when seemingly impracticable desiderata shall be attained.

That, what now seems only possible may, at some future day be real, may be proved by showing that the mind of the race will indefinitely improve, and that it will reveal this improvement in enlarged desires and aims after wished for objects.

That the mind of the race is at least capable of indefinite improvement may appear from the fact that its cause has ever been and except when it has fallen through natural circumstances; for which, however, we can account.

Eight centuries have quickly carried us from

the darkness of medieval ~~darkness~~ night, to the present, whose growing splendor, we need but look around us, to observe. A sleeping world awoke at the calls of the pioneers of printing and western exploration. The discovery of half a world was soon followed by others.

The mind of the race may advance indefinitely when we remember the vast mines of knowledge yet undug. Though great acquisitions have been already made, we are continually met by inquiries which mans little greatness can not answer. The vegetable, animal, and mineral worlds are each full of mysteries. What know we of Chemistry? It is but of yesterday, we see certain bases, elements and compounds, but what a life-time work to explain them, and what an unbounded field stretches beyond! What know we of Geology? At few feet below the surface we observe some strata, whose ages even are not indisputably defined; and though some proudly vaunt themselves, we know not what to think of or how to account for the magnificent relics continually presented. We are but infant giants whose hands have impotently scarred the

bosom of Mother Earth, and some say "Lo! now we know all;" while we yet know nothing.

To think of Astronomy is to be lost! Magnificent infinite distances, and whirling spheres, and scenes and thoughts that heaped upwards may not describe, arrest us everywhere. Truly we are but pebble gatherers in time's shores, while of the waters beyond we know not, we know not, we know not!

The mind then has grown, and there are ample opportunities for still further increase. There is at least a possibility that possibilities may become realities. But will the mind advance and make them such? If it does not, perhaps it will retrograde?

Suppose it it retrogrades; then together with its knowledge, it must lose civilisation, refinement, and many of the arts of life. Books and scientific researches must become less frequent; rude manners must prevail and laborious toil must supply those wants which are now answered by machinery.

But will the husbandman leave the improved means of cultivation for the few and unwieldy

instruments of primitive character? Will the tradesman leave his finely-working machine for the laborious process of manual production? Shall our mills fall to decay for want of use? Shall our steamboats rot as useless hulks on our unemployed streams? Shall vegetation cover, and rust devour "the iron bands that bind states together"? Shall the restrained lightening be freed from its bondage to man?

Yet these would result from a retrograde movement in the mind of the race. For if our minds deteriorate our outward circumstances (which are influenced by the mind) will be similarly affected. It follows science whether the latter retrograde or advance. Though books and the active monuments of inventive genius might remain to tell us, of our degraded state of our once high position, we, being unable to use or appreciate, would neglect and forget them,

And Science, meek and sensitive to slight,
Deserted, soon would sadly take its flight.

And the fact that some ancient nations have at times relapsed from civilisation to a state of

barbarism can not now be adduced to prove that we may also retrograde, for the same circumstances do not now exist. They possessed no omnipotent Press; their libraries were accessible to only a few; they were often destroyed by foreign invasion, and when the generations living at that time had passed, none knew of their contents.

No, however, thoughts once committed to type, and sent forth to a reading public, exist ever as references for succeeding generations, and there is now no power that can destroy the knowledge of a nation, much less of a world.

Man, then, can not retrograde. Nor can it even occur that the human mind will remain stationary, for the very idea of a mind is that of a thinking acting agent. It is impossible that each individual should be thinking, and the mind of the race be inactive; for a change or succession of thoughts is going on in that individual, and where the mind is thus active, new ideas are being evolved, and the mind is not stationary.

To what point then have we come? We have seen that the mind of the race

may advance indefinitely; then that it can not remain stationary, — then that it can not retrograde, whence it follows that it must advance.

And if the mind of the race is to advance indefinitely, it is easy to see that its outgoings also will be unlimited. Recurring to our theme, we say that whatever act may now seem only possible, will at some future time, when the mind is enlarged be actually performed. Does nature contain mysteries which the natural philosopher pants to know? Trust that the enlarged capacity of future generations will grasp their clue. Does invention look on certain desirable ends as only possible? The clearer minds of other ages shall incite the inventive faculty to exertions of its strength that will make the ideal an actual.

The luxuries of one age have ever been the necessaries of the next, and men will not be satisfied with the arts of life they possess, but will seek out other instruments of luxury and ease. Each new invention will make they way easier for others, and what might be impracticable at the present, will

hereafter to easily performed, because of the greater number of means, which will gradually be discovered, for its performance.

Then we shall no longer need to say, we know not, we know not,- for we shall know, yes, we shall know!

The Earth shall ope her magic store,
The Sky a wondrous tale reveal,
The Sea betray, with lessened roar,
The secrets her dark caves conceal.

And every thing shall then go right
Man's onward, conquering, way,
As with his still increasing might,
Minds night he changes into day!

Away then with the thought that the human mind is retrograding; it has scarcely entered the postals of the temple of Science; it is yet to reach the interior.

Cherish the thought that our largest expectations of possible good shall be fully realised.

the Present is not an Autumn of the Soul, whose chill blasts portend the decay of our hopes in the desolating Winter that succeeds it, but a bright Spring-time, whose opening buds of promise shall bloom to gladden, man in the Summer of the Future.

Delivered in the College Chapel,
October 29th. 1853

Regrets.

"- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Ah! who can tell
"The depth of regret?- the heart knoweth well."-

Spirits whispering round me hover;
Spirits ~~sad~~ dark, and spirits sad
Who lost joy no more recover,
Who our hearts no more can glad.

Bright thy within Time's shadowy halls,
Moments last, that once were mine -
Upon its sculptured, darkening walls,
With flickering memories shine.

From the burning lips of Present,
Lips that breathe the things of Past,
Those blighting scathing words are sent,
Words that pleasure from us cast.

Hear those tones, accusing, change us,
With a spendthrift carelessness!
All conscious my guilt to see,
And with aching heart confess.

Would that in our hands were given,
Some spirit spell to soothe the mind;
Then might the heart with anguish riven,
Peace, in oblivious shadows find.

Then might we sink the restless thought,
Goading to agony's dark bound;
And the sad soul to sorrow brought,
Raise from its damp, tearful mound.

Yet no! the Power that to each gave,
The thought to choose, - the will to act,
And Memory the account to save,
That after years might test the fact,
Gave with it all a darkling power,
When the will acts wrong its part,
To send in that, or after hour,
Some poisoned arrow to the heart.

Men call this power grim, Remorse;
But they alone the truth can tell, -
Who once have felt the poignant force,
Of what it is, - this ~~spirit~~ fell.

Yet learn; there is a healing balm
For life's way-weary traveller;
Simple, though oft unused, it can
True and lasting peace confer.

Bring thou from evil, good effects;
For life's misdirected aims should meet,-
As bee, which never flaw rejects,
Bringing ~~[illegible]~~ from the bitter sweet.

Knowest thou not when we sadly fail,
In cherished undertaking
Of experience we avail;
A lesson learned,- thus making -
Better progress in the effort,
Which for us had failed before.
Thoughts like these, soft dreams impart,-
Fill the heart with peace once more.

Boadicea.

Without compromising her distinguishing and ~~characteristic~~ endearing attribute - gentleness - woman frequently leaves her more sequestered path to perform some great action. Nor in so doing does she blunt her sensibilities, or break the fine mould of her character; she only exalts her sex in the view of the world, by showing her capabilities for action when stern necessity demands.

All our war-made heroines are such. The sense of danger has a power to nerve the feeble arm with masculine strength, - to keep the acute thought on the alert, and to fit the judgment for important and critical decision, where the more unwieldy mind of man would be delayed.

Such an one was Boadicea. Though naturally of a superior mind, as a Briton she necessarily imbibed the superstitions of her Briton countrymen, - they became woven in the texture of her mind, yet, more like the dark, contrast-giving threads of some fair tapestry, than the coarse strands of a rough made

material. Her intercourse with the Druids entered largely in the formation of her character. In the silence, and sometimes awful grandeur of their oak groves, the naturally rude minds of these venerable priests of Nature had been exalted, - almost refined. And however rude and erroneous they were, or however cruel they may have been in regard to their sacrifices, they were the wisdom of the time, and Boadicea, acquainted with them was relatively educated.

Her country's subjection, under Roman hands, weighed heavily on her heart. The savage insult offered her daughters by the Roman procurator pierced her soul as with a sharp iron. She was trebly wounded, - as a Briton, - a mother, a sovereign.

She witnessed thousands of her countrymen slain, before her native land had been reduced, and the added chains were too heavy for endurance. The destruction of the Druids and sacred groves on the isle Mona, was ever before her eyes, and she used it as a powerful engine to excite the people. Any one, less patriotic, might

have made the attempt to free her country from subjection, but none could have undertaken it with the same zeal and prudence she manifested.

She raised the war-cry, first among her own Iceni, and soon neighboring bands united their forces about the standard of Liberty. Their swollen numbers rushed along receiving additions as they hasted against the foe. A woman's heart had conceived this, - a woman's voice was exciting and directing it.

The Roman soldiers evacuated their most advanced posts, while the Briton army wreaked a terrible vengeance on seventy thousand of the Roman colonists and allies.

And now battles have been fought; the Romans have been defeated, and one more contest shall decide whether they shall be conquered. The united Briton army is moving against their enemies. Their hopes have been raised high by their ardent Boadicea. The morning of the decisive day arrives. Boadicea, with her two weeping daughters, rides in her chariot along the ranks

calling on each nation to strike manfully. Her long golden tresses float to her feet, - her face beams with hope, and fear, and revenge; her eye ~~lights~~ flashes with zeal. Her stirring words are like goads to the already impatient hearts and hands of her followers. Protestations of devotion, and demands to be lead to the battle pour from the lips of the multitude.

But the tale is long and sad. Rude bravery, though enlisted in liberty's cause, could not withstand the act-clad valor of conquerors, - and the Britons fled.

Her hopes of victory gone, - the tide of battle being irreversible, - Boadicea knew her power was gone. Her country was inevitably subdued, and for herself remained immediate death at the hands of her captors, or, if spared, a dreaded slavery. With the deluded hope of escaping the certain ills of the Present, by rushing in the uncertain Future, she terminated her existence by poison.

She fills a Suicide's grave! Friend! commiserate her misfortunes; the dead reck not censures!

Passion's Conflict with Reason.

The last rays of the sun that in its daily course witnessed many scenes, - some bright, - some sad, - fell on a vision, which, though frequent, was none the less fearful, - a fearful contest, a contest of Evil with Good. Inanimate nature folded its petals, that the darkness might not mar their pure white or delicate tints; the lower animals sought their haunts for rest, yet came no cessation to the strife. The evening breeze cooled Nature's burning brow, yet no Zephyr soothed the conflict raging between the fierce Evil and the desolate Good. In the clutches of the Evil the Good struggled for its freedom. The struggle ceased not though Night looked long upon the scene.

And now its sinking strength warned the Good of a terrible destruction; and then some despair-directed blow forced away the Evil. Through the weary, waning hours the conflict continued, until the morning light broke; and when the first ray gilded the portal of Heaven, the Good, now conscious of its own weakness, lifted its tearful eyes to its Author for

assistance. And lo! "the crystal bar of Eden moves,"- the Angel hastes down, the Evil flies; and the Good rejoices with more than a Peri's joy!

With no perversion the picture may represent the great moral conflict existing in every individual between the Good of his nature, and his Passions.

The ancients regarded themselves subject to some malicious fate, and life a continual strife against its influence. Every act was the outward blow,- the expression of the inward strife. The child Hercules strangling his skim enemies; the hunter Hercules conquering the Nemean beast, the dying Hercules and the constellated Hercules, respectively represent the existence of the fatal contest in man from birth,- the continuance of the contest through life,- the fame awaiting the good and brave,- and the immortality of all.

The origin of this conflict is almost as early as man. Eden had only budded, when the foot of Sin blighted it, and enmity was put between the Evil and the Good. Its emanations are terrible!

Evil sharpens the Assassin's

dagger,— Good seeks to ~~blunt~~ its edge, and turn aside its thirsty point. Soon the Assassin's dagger becomes the Suicide's! But before this occurs, what conflicts have been fought! The man's face becomes an index to the events occurring on his heart's battle-field. The contorted, corrugated, muscles seem ready to tear asunder; then they calm, as if some angel whispered to the raging passions, "Peace! be still!" The storm rising again seems ready in its fierceness to overwhelm the Good, whose every altar in the heart is often dashed away by some mountain wave of Evil.

That Evil exists we know, for we see its devastations about us, and feel its stirrings within us; and why it exists, we partly know. We are acquainted with the story of its introduction.

The Evil we contend with is not that of external influences alone;— we are partial traitors to ourselves. There are internal attractions to evil, whose seductions we are unable to resist. Yet the contest must continue, as long as man's present nature remains. While portions of the

fortress are weak, or there is an enemy in the camp, besieging hosts will make desperate assaults.

The soul feels its degradation, its unfitness for the contest, its creation with abilities for high enjoyments, and those not the earthlike in which we do engage; but it seems pressed down by the rude hand of an unsympathising evil spirit. It is a delicate statue dashed from its pedestal by a vandalic hande. And when the soul endeavors to follow its pure aims, how like a Sisyphean weight the pressing evil seems! Its chariot wheels are clogged, they roll but slowly over the warm battle-plains. Instead of rejoicing, is oftener heard sighing. The soul longs for rest, and tremblingly asks, is there no peace? no refuge? is the end not yet? Oh! how sweetly come the words,

"There is an hour of peaceful rest
"To mourning wanderers given.
"There is a joy for souls distressed;
"A balm for every wounded breast,—
"'Tis found alone in Heaven!"

Delivered on Commencement day, June 28th 1854.

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